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New Statesman

Peter Pears: The real obit

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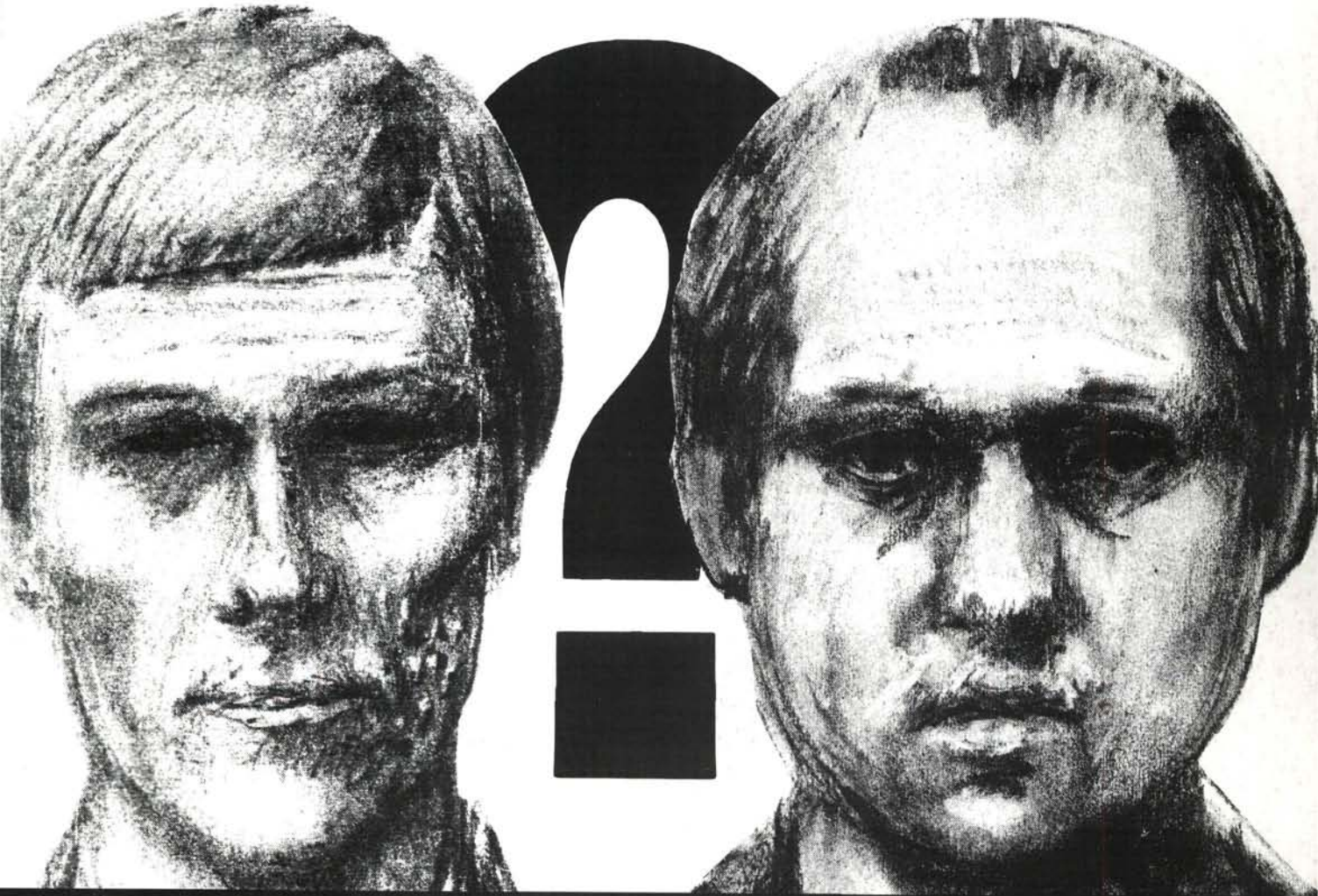

THE MANCHESTER STUDENTS CASE

JOHN WRIGHT: The strange death of liberal education

FIONNUALA O CONNOR: Loyalists turn on RUC

HELEN JOSEPH: Living with death threats

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BIRKBECK COLLEGE

University of London

Programme of Degree Courses

CLASSICS
Latin and Greek language and literature form the basis of the department's teaching for BA and MA, but a BA in Classical Studies is also offered emphasizing the philosophy, history and literary developments of Greek and Roman cultures. The MA Classical Civilisation is for arts graduates with no knowledge of Latin or Greek. Research interests include Latin and Hellenistic poetry, Greek rhetoric, philosophy and political thought.

COMPUTER SCIENCE
The department offers a specialist MSc in data processing, database and information systems, and a diploma for graduates in other subjects who have some programming experience. Research is supervised in data management technology and information systems.

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL CHANGE IN BRITAIN
Joint MA/MSc on the changes in British society and economy from 1870 to the present day. (Departments of History and Economics, with contributions from Geography and Politics & Sociology).

ECONOMICS
The MSc in Economics covers the history of economic thought, contemporary economic theory, issues in current economic policy, quantitative methods, a practical project in econometrics, and options for special study. The department also offers a one-year qualifying course for the MSc, the BASE programme of short courses (Birkbeck Advanced Studies in Economics), and research supervision in economic theory and policy.

ENGLISH
The BA in English covers the whole of English literature from Old English to the present day. The MA in Modern English Literature includes the novel, poetry, drama and literary criticism. The department also contributes to joint MA programmes in Medieval, Renaissance and Victorian Studies. Research supervision is available in all aspects of English literature.

FRENCH
The BA covers French literature from the Middle Ages to the present day and includes the practical study of modern French. The department offers courses in French (which may be combined with Spanish or Italian) for the MA in Romance Languages and Literatures. It also contributes to joint MA programmes in Medieval and Renaissance Studies and provides research supervision in all aspects of French literature.

GERMAN
The BA programme covers the modern German language and German literature from the Middle Ages to the present day. German is also offered in combination with other subjects for the BA Combined Studies degree. Department staff contribute courses to the intercollegiate MA German programme, particularly on Changing Forms of the German Novel and on Tradition and Innovation in Twentieth Century German Literature. Research supervision is available in post-medieval literary topics.

HISTORY
The BA programme offers a comprehensive survey of British and European history (medieval and modern), and MA programmes are offered in Early Modern English History and Commonwealth History. The department co-ordinates joint MA courses in London Studies, Medieval Studies, Victorian Studies, and Economic and Social Change in Britain. Research is supervised in all these fields and in medieval culture and ecclesiastical history.

HISTORY OF ART
The BA programme comprises an introductory course and a core course in the Renaissance period, followed by a choice of topics for special study. The new MA programme to start in October 1986 has been designed for graduates in other subjects who seek an art-historical training. The department also contributes to the joint MA course in Medieval Studies and Renaissance Studies. Research supervision is offered in many aspects of art history.

ITALIAN
At undergraduate level, Italian may be studied as a subsidiary subject by students whose main BA subject is French or Spanish. At postgraduate level, Italian forms part of the joint MA course in Medieval and Renaissance Studies, and may be studied on its own (or with French or Spanish) for the MA Romance Languages and Literatures.

LONDON STUDIES
A joint MA/MSc programme planned to start in October 1986, comprising a core course on the development of London to its present form and a choice of other topics. (Departments of History and Geography).

MEDIEVAL STUDIES
Joint MA in aspects of European history and cultre from the 11th to 13th centuries. (Department of History, with the Departments of English, French, German, History of Art, Italian and Spanish.

PHILOSOPHY
The BA and MA programmes analyse philosophical problems and study the history of philosophy from the Greek philosophers to the present day. A joint MA in Philosophy and Psychology of Language is offered with the Psychology department. An MPhil course and supervision for PhD research are also available.

PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY OF LANGUAGE
Joint MA on the values and underlying assumptions of the study of language. (Departments of Philosophy and Psychology).

POLITICS AND SOCIOLOGY
At undergraduate level, Sociology is an ancillary subject for BSc students in Psychology and other subjects. The department offers two MSc programmes: Politics and Sociology, which focuses on political theory and political sociology; and Politics and Administration which considers public administration and policy-making in its political context.

PSYCHOLOGY
Undergraduates read for BSc Honours in Psychology (with an ancillary subject) or for a Combined Honours degree. The department's research interests are in cognitive science, psychobiology and interpersonal interaction. The Department also contributes to the joint MA in the Philosophy and Psychology of Language and to the intercollegiate MSc in Ergonomics.

RENAISSANCE STUDIES
Joint MA on the art and literature of the Renaissance. (Departments of Italian, English, French, History and History of Art).

ROMANCE LANGUAGES AND LITERATURES
MA in one, or joint MA in two, of the languages and literatures of French, Italian and Spanish.

SPANISH
The BA programme covers Spanish language and literature from the Middle Ages to the present day, and Spanish American literature from 1800. The MA in Romance Languages and Literatures allows a choice of Spanish literary options from the Medieval, Golden Age and Modern periods, which may be linked to options in French or Italian literature. The MA in Hispanic Studies covers critical approaches to Hispanic literature. The department also contributes to the joint MA in Medieval Studies.

STATISTICS
The department's MSc courses are for people working in the application of mathematical and statistical techniques. Topics include Advanced Statistical Methods, Geometric Probability, Multivariate Analysis, and Operational Research. Research and consultancy and activities focus on statistical and operational research in industry and management, applications of stochastic processes in biology and genetics and population and models in epidemiology and ecology.

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Joint MA on Victorian culture and society. (Departments of English and History).

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New Statesman

Cover: Artist's reconstructions of Steven Shaw's alleged attackers

Have you seen these men? If so, contact the Manchester Police Monitoring Unit, telephone 061-228 1266. MARTIN WALKER explains why 10

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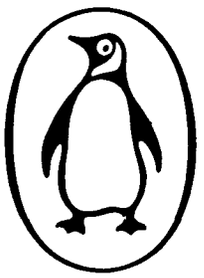
TRAVELS THROUGH ISRAEL

"'The democratic Israelis will fight a civil war against the religious zealots who want to establish a theocracy in Israel". In the hotel coffee shop where I heard this ringing pledge — this terrifying prophecy — the entire assembly of lovers and business men lunching out stopped talking . . .' MARINA WARNER travels through Israel, watching and listening

MIXING IT

Some of today's most exciting art is happening where media mix and disciplines — dance, performance, painting — converge: MO DODSON explores the creative confusion



SLURS AND SLANDERS

Britain's prestigious publishing house, Penguin Books, has just paid out the last of a long line of libel settlements to people libelled by ex South African secret agent, Gordon Winter. DENIS HERBSTEIN recounts the sorry tale

PAPERBACK-WRITERS

ALAN BRIEN discusses the prophetic powers of Edmund Wilson, the style of Martin Amis and the American thriller after Chandler

New Statesman

Vol 111 No 2872 11 April 1986

No hope now from Geneva

IT IS NOW impossible for any rational person observing the evidence to avoid the conclusion that the United States is dealing with the whole question of disarmament in bad faith.

There were those who once argued that President Reagan in his second term, particularly as he moved towards its last two years, would wish to write his name in the history books as a man of peace — rather as President Nixon, against all the odds and with the cynical guidance of Henry Kissinger, pulled the United States out of Vietnam and achieved what seemed at the time to be substantial detente with China. Under the American system, all American presidents become lame ducks so far as their ability to move the domestic political agenda is concerned and tend to concentrate of foreign policy or the waging of war, where their waning influence over the Congress is less obviously inhibiting.

But those who made out the case were wrong. President Reagan lacked either the nous or the will to break his Administration free from the stranglehold that the American military-industrial complex has had over the White House ever since President Dwight D. Eisenhower warned his fellow Americans about it in 1961. All the evidence is that he intends to go out fighting, playing out on the international stage the 'B' movie star roles that brought him fame and the governorship of the State of California.

The evidence of the real motivation of the new Soviet leadership over disarmament is more equivocal. On the basis of first principles (and given the chronic state of the Russian economy), it would seem reasonable to assume that the Russians had a strong vested interest in containing the cost of the arms race. Since the last Reagan-Gorbachev meeting, however, nothing that has come out of Washington has helped those in the Kremlin who may have been arguing that it was worth risking serious negotiation.

For a start, the United States has been publicly accusing the Soviet Union of conducting nuclear tests in breach of the Strategic Arms Limitation Agreement without bothering to check on any private basis what the facts might be. Last week Washington was forced to admit that these public accusations were based on seismological estimates that were almost certainly wrong.

The current insistence in Washington on a continuation of nuclear testing in Nevada can only send an equally negative message to Moscow, combined with the obvious impression that the Reagan Administration no longer even cares if this is the case. The claim that the United States needs to keep up a nuclear weapons testing programme in order to make sure that its existing deterrent stock is in working order is quite simply phooey. 'Non-explosive' means of testing operational capability exist and are quite enough to preserve the credibility of the US nuclear deterrent. □

NS goes to 90p

We are sorry, but we are having to increase the cover price of the *New Statesman* from 18 April to 90p. We have held the current price since September 1984 and 18 months of rising prices have finally caught up with us. You can save money (*and* ensure regular delivery) by taking out a subscription now, because for the time being these rates are being held (see p4 and, for students, p17).

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Surprise, surprise . . . Neil backs Murdoch

LEADING ARTICLES are funny things, impersonal, partly pompous, pretending to be a kind of collective statement, claiming the advantage of sure and superior judgement. Some people think you don't need them at all, often including those who write them. Others argue, probably correctly, that newspapers and magazines that want to be read for their political and cultural coverage by persons of intelligence are required to make it clear where they stand on the issues of the day.

What leading articles are not for is grinding the particular commercial axes of the owner of the newspaper in question. By association, when a newspaper uses its editorial columns for such purposes, it undermines the integrity and credibility of everything else that is written in the same space. Under the erratic but domineering guidance of Captain Bob Maxwell, the *Mirror* no longer seems to see any real distinction between the fortunes of the nation and those of its Liechenstein-based ownership. Now the *Sunday Times* has proven that under its present ownership it is no longer a proper newspaper.

Last Sunday it published a short leader on Boss Murdoch's offer to give to the print unions for nothing the facilities that, pre-Wapping, used to produce the *Sunday Times* and *The Times* (and which still produce the *Guardian*'s daily non-Manchester print run). The content of those three paragraphs did not even attempt to be judicious or independent. 'Imaginative and generous' was how the *Sunday Times* hailed Murdoch's latest tactical twist to get himself out of the PR hole that he has got himself into by requiring all his journalists to operate from behind barbed wire in Wapping and by making the move before he has enough capacity there up and running to print as many copies of the *Sun* or as many pages of the *Sunday Times* as he needs to maximise the profits he could make to finance his other expansionist plans.

The three paragraphs contain the claim that News International's four titles were 'forced to move to Wapping because of an all-out strike'. The reality, as any labour, political, or thinking journalist on the staff of the *Sunday Times* knows and will readily admit in private, is that the move to Wapping was a brilliantly executed management coup against the print unions, planned for a year with a degree of effective secrecy that makes Whitehall look like a colander. The reality is that the Murdoch plan depended critically on provoking the print unions into striking at their existing place of work so that he could use Thatcherite anti-union legislation in order to sack workers who were in breach of their contracts of employment and thus avoid all the redundancy payments with which the long planned move to Wapping would otherwise have been saddled.

Rupert Murdoch's private nightmare at the critical point was that Brenda Dean of SOGAT '82 and other right-wing print union leaders would persuade the print chapels *not* to strike. Then operation Wapping would have been in real trouble.

Everyone in the newspaper business, including Andrew Neil, the editor of the *Sunday Times*, knows that these facts are true. Everyone in the newspaper business also knows that the present ownership structure of our national newspapers operates against the national interest. Even in this unsatisfactory world, however, there used to be a convention that 'serious' newspapers dealt with the conflicts between the truth and their owners' interests by just flatly reporting the affairs of their tycoon owners.

The *Observer*, however, long ago gave over its front and business pages to the pursuit of the personal and commercial vendettas of Lonrho and its chief executive. Now the *Sunday Times* has similarly handed over its leader column. ☐

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ANGUISH OF A QUIET TOWN IN ULSTER

AS THE ONE seeming gain from the Anglo-Irish Agreement, even-handed behaviour by the Royal Ulster Constabulary towards Catholics and Protestants alike, begins to tremble FIONNUALA O CONNOR looks for reflections of great events in the 'parish pump' of Lisburn

LISBURN IS a quiet town, represented in Westminster by that most famously moderate of Unionists, the MP and Official Unionist leader Jim Molyneaux. An old time home to the Huguenot refugees from French Catholic tyranny who brought their weaving skills (and names like Molyneaux) to transform the Lagan Valley, it is comparatively unscathed by Northern Ireland's troubles, the home of British Army headquarters, and above all a Protestant town.

The Catholic population is at most 7,000 — outnumbered four to one. There are no Catholic ghettoes in Lisburn however. Having been driven out in a '20's purge, some folk wisdom brought Catholics back only in ones and twos, never to settle again in a cluster.

What has been happening to this scattered, discreet and above all moderate community over the past fortnight is not dramatic but may very well illustrate better than more sensational stories one of the unchanging truths of the Northern Ireland situation. Protestants in Lisburn on Easter Monday (31 March) chose not to attack the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) who had banned their march in Portadown: they attacked their Catholic neighbours instead.

And again on the Tuesday. Groups of youths threw stones and petrol bombs, burned out a house, a flat, a shop, a church, broke windows, scorched some more houses. The very pattern said much about the spread of the local minority. The attackers had to cover some distance between their targets.

No one was killed, nor even injured. But by the second night Catholic nerves were shaken because the police didn't exactly gallop to the rescue. A representative of the small Alliance party, which vainly tries for the middle of the road between Unionists and Nationalists, told a radio interviewer how he watched the first Catholic home burned from his window and how the police arrived in Land Rovers to restore calm. It began at about 10 p.m., he said, and the police were in control by 1 a.m. He made no comment on the time it took the police to arrive and the interval before they imposed order, but others did.

Why unforeseen?

The first attacks were on the fringes of an estate, the next on a main road. A local SDLP (Social and Democratic and Labour Party) activist wondered how those could have been so difficult to police and why the attacks couldn't have been foreseen.

Not altogether fair, but extremism has dictated the tone of Lisburn Unionism for too long, and the SDLP man had just come back from watching two families pack their belongings and leave the middle of a Protestant estate, where they'd somehow convinced themselves they'd become unnoticeable: 'A Belfast man stopped rolling up his carpet just long enough to tell me he'd been burned out once already in Bombay Street in 1969 and he wasn't going to let it happen again. They didn't tell the police they were going, they didn't tell the housing people. Nobody broke their windows. They left out of fear. You have to remember — the first family to get it, they'd been living in the town for decades. If they weren't safe and accepted, who is?'

Behind the fear is a conviction, easily revived, that there's no security at times of heightened tension for working class Catholics living outside the security of the big Republican heartland of West Belfast or Derry. The RUC has been steadily gaining credit for attempting to deal evenhandedly with Protestant marches, in Catholic eyes at any rate, by the re-routing policy that has now brought down on their heads the wrath of their own Loyalist community.

But somewhere like Lisburn is an acid test and at times like this the local Democratic Unionist Party man still strikes the key note. Veteran Paisley lieutenant Rev Willie Beattie told the local papers in response to the attacks on Catholics that they must face the consequences of what they had been up to for the past 15 years — i.e. the IRA campaign.

Only gain lost

Until now the signs of evenhanded police behaviour were the only visible results of the Anglo-Irish Agreement in Nationalist Catholic eyes. It has always been part of the gamble for the Accord architects, especially Taoiseach (Prime Minister of the Republic) Dr FitzGerald and the SDLP leader John Hume, that Unionist outrage would help dilute Nationalist scepticism while the delicate attempts to equalise the status of the two communities began.

But now the outrage has reached such proportions that any more concrete implementation is clearly unthinkable to both governments for the time being. Hume agreed publicly that on the issue of the Agreement the Unionists must be confronted once and for all. The implication is that a certain amount of violence must be considered inevitable.

But how much violence, and suffered by whom? Some of Hume's own supporters wonder if his *realpolitik* is that of a Derryman, from a predominately Catholic part of Northern Ireland. Now that the always questionable thin line of the police is more stretched than ever before, who defends isolated Catholics?

Certainly not the IRA — already reorganising street committees against Loyalist attacks in their own strongholds but powerless in places like Lisburn. And in any case the Agreement's declared primary aim was to wean Nationalist support away from them. And who defends the 90 per cent Protestant police against this spring's bomb attacks by their own community? ●

The burnt-out living room in Lisburn of Jim Lewsley, a Catholic who claims that this, the first trouble he's faced in what was thought of as a low-tension community, is the result of the Anglo-Irish Agreement ***Pacemaker***

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Peter Pears: *de mortuis jocundi nil nisi* bunkum

Gifted, camp, Ben's mainstay: Peter Pears

Camera Press

NOT SINCE that benchmark of the modern lying obituary, *The Times* on the death of novelist Mary Renault in December 1983, has there been such a test of the 1980s 'quality' journalist's capacity to be truthful in the face of proprietorial and/or editorial distaste about any celebrity's homosexuality as in the tributes that had to be paid on the death of the tenor Sir Peter Pears last Thursday 3 April.

They came through with drooping colours, even Frank Barker in the *Guardian* and Robin Holloway in the *Observer* misleading-by-omission like troopers. The charge is not that these two critics, despite their liberal readerships, and other critics on other papers, with more conservative ones, wholly concealed the sexuality of their subject and the nature of his relationship with composer Benjamin Britten — though they omitted all vital historical context to that 'marriage'.

It's that there wasn't one cheep from anyone about the conscious furthering of, and pride in, western homosexual culture which was the overt lifework of singer and composer in collaboration. Just possibly, in some perfect world where every newspaper reader was adequately informed about the government-led attacks on gay culture (viz on Gay's the Word bookshop, still going on), or a yet better world where there were no such attacks at all, the erotic wellsprings of the Pears-Britten achievement would be too familiar to require mature recognition.

Lover's physiognomy

We are not in such a world. I don't have 1/100th of the musical expertise of the 'quality' press music critics (nor did I ever have the advantage of knowing Pears or Britten), but I can be more 'perceptive' off the top of my head — or at any rate, so it seems — than they out of all their professional experience. They must know what I know. They won't defy (probably it would be no worse than take-aback) their editors and print it.

Composing 'actual notes which grew out of the vocal physiognomy' of his lover (the quotation is from Holloway in the *Observer*, though the use of the word lover is my own) Britten without concealment drew on what we today call the 'gay sensibility', a concept in reality at least 100 years old, for the *War Requiem*, the *Illuminations*, *Death in Venice*, *The Turn of the Screw*, the Michelangelo song-settings, *Billy Budd*, and *Peter Grimes*.

To say so, as the best of the British press didn't, isn't to call for *post facto* vulgar expropriation of celebrities to 'sectarian' gay politics, solely because of the 'private life' of the famous dead. Peter Pears knew, as all music-lovers straight or gay know or should know, precisely what was arousing Britten creatively and emotionally when — time and again for his lover's voice — he turned to male homosexual culture, choosing texts from Melville, Mann, James, Rimbaud, Michelangelo, Owen etc.

If the death of Sir Peter Pears, surviving partner of a 'gay marriage' blessed by the State with a knighthood for the singer and a life peerage for the composer (Lord Britten died in 1976) isn't to be an occasion for 'respectability' to pay honour to new musical splendours openly rooted in the Western European homosexual culture — then how are the ignorant depredations of Customs and police officers ever to be countered by aesthetes with access to the press? To be countered, say, by the *Guardian* or the *Observer*?

Times bunkum

The benchmark modern obituary on a homosexual, the lengthy *Times* notice on Mary Renault in '83, derided the career of that best-selling historical novelist, many of whose heroes from antiquity were homosexuals free of any modern notion of guilt, without any disclosure of the entirely well known truth that the dead woman had been lesbian.

Naturally, three years later, the paper couldn't cope honourably with Sir Peter Pears's death either, even though with great bravery for a 'gent of the old school' he'd spoken in old age on TV of his love for 'Ben'. David Cairns in the *Sunday Times* (did sub-editors cut him?) couldn't find space so much as to mention the unMurdochian sensuality of the singer he was praising.

It fell to the *Daily Telegraph's* Godfrey Barker alone actually to *quote* Pears on the 'passionate devotion' the tenor had known with 'Ben' for some 40 years — and further to quote Pears in his 70s 'that the [physical] sex didn't matter'. But the major *Telegraph* tribute, by John Steane, said nothing of the true cultural context of the musical collaboration. Two days before Pears died, after all, the new *Telegraph* editor had demagogically promised that under his regime there 'will be no sudden discovery of enthusiasm for Gay Lib' (1 April, and no joke).

And the 'marriage'? I should have thought a music critic with a minimal sense of history might have pointed out that less than 20 years before Pears was born, Tchaikovsky was forced into suicide on the grounds of his homosexuality at the early age of 53. If the Russian genius's sexual life hadn't long since been destroyed by prejudice, Tchaikovsky and A N Other(s) could have preceded Britten and Pears as the spectacular gay creative musical partnership of the 19th century. Instead it was managed, by a miracle, in the 20th, in Britain. But don't consult the British 'quality' press for clarification.

Andrew Lumsden

1984 tax dodge comes good for top execs

TOP company managers are becoming paper millionaires every day the stock market reaches a new peak. The *NS* Politics of Envy Unit logged 25 with share options worth over £1 million by the end of last week (the top five are listed below).

Share option schemes allow top executives to benefit directly from their company's rising share price by offering them shares at a fixed price. John Beckett, for example, outgoing chair of Woolworth (and brother of the CBI's Sir Terence), has an option to buy 866,666 shares at 75p. Last week's bid for Woolies by computer vendors Dixons pushed Woolworth's shares up to a staggering £9.20, nearly doubling Beckett's possible profit overnight to £7.3 million.

In 1984 the government halved the maximum tax rate on options from 60 per cent to 30 per cent. Since then, every boardroom's got a scheme.

Beckett's predator, Stanley Kalms (Dixons' chair), recently joined the option millionaire's club and his bid pushed his potential profit up to £1.6 million. In the absence of manufacturing industry in Britain, the retailing sector is where the money is, and another newcomer to the club last week was Edward Haygarth of Salisburys leather bags group Combined English, in line to clear £1.3 million.

To the 25 we've managed to keep track of should be added another seven — mostly directors of food retailers Dee — who've recently made a profit by cashing in options that would take them over the million mark if added to options they've still got left.

John Rentoul

TOP OF THE OPS

Director	Company	Potential share option profit
John Beckett	Woolworth	£7,323,328
Glen Renfrew	Reuters	£7,051,046
Victor Monk	Charterhouse (Woolies options)	£5,777,400
Alec Monk (no relation)	Dee Corp	£4,631,656
Ralph Halpern	Burton	£4,000,339

Correction

Last week's picture caption (p5) described Joyce Gould as soon to be the Labour Party's national agent. Oh dear. She is of course director of organisation, and David Hughes is national agent, and we don't envisage any change.

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Dounreay again — more details of recent lucky escapes from radiation

FRESH DOUBT has been cast on the safety record of the Dounreay nuclear plant on the north coast of Scotland by a confidential internal health report obtained by the *New Statesman*. It reveals that 37 radiological 'incidents' took place at the site between 1 August-31 October last year, compared to 28 in the previous three-month period.

The increase is attributed to a rise in air contamination events from eight to 19 and in clothing and potential wound contaminations from two to eight (the number of other types of event decreased). In one incident airborne radioactivity was, according to the leaked report, 'widely distributed' through parts of the re-processing plant from an 'unauthorised open drain line connection'. Workers, it seems were lucky to escape contamination.

'Fortuitously there was no significant radiological impact to personnel in this instance,' says the report. 'The event re-emphasizes the need for continued containment from contaminated areas and shows the ease with which air activity can spread in the plant when ventilation patterns are perturbed by temporary building modifications or open doorways'.

Five air contamination incidents happened in the decontamination building, three due to incinerator operations. The report states that the 'high level of airborne radioactivity' measured by a special air sampler during the removal of an incinerator was of 'particular interest'.

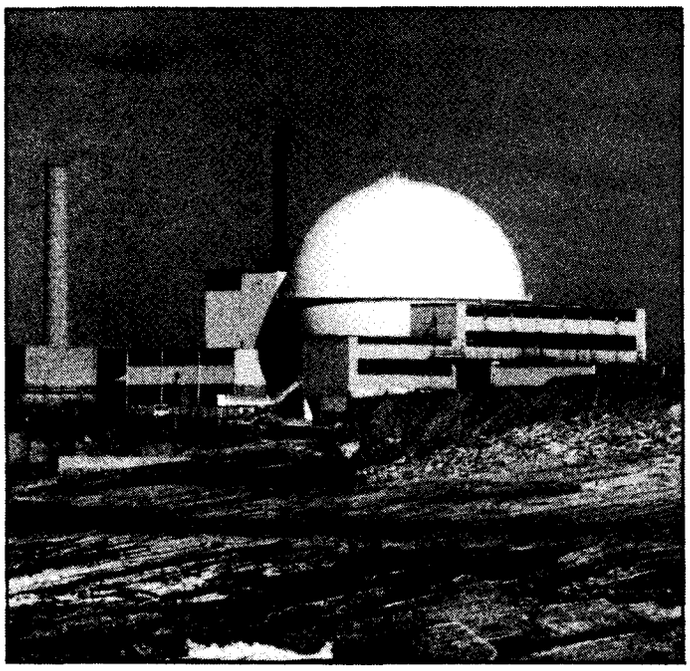
An air contamination incident in a waste storage area prompted re-building work 'to higher standards' and design modifications. There were also two other air incidents in a highly radioactive waste silo, an event causing increased neutron and gamma radiation in a section of the re-processing plant, and a worker's hand exposed to radiation while unlocking a drain pipe.

Dounreay's operator, the UK Atomic Energy Authority, argues that the leaked document illustrates the reliability and effectiveness of its procedures. It points out that the number of incidents in the subsequent three month period to the end of January this year declined to 21. The total throughout 1985 is believed to be around the same as in the previous year, namely 194 (*NS* 14 February).

But according to Dounreay's assistant director, Owen Pugh, the severity of the incidents has declined. 'We prepared this report as part of our obligations under the Health and Safety at Work Act' he says 'and in none of these incidents was anyone at risk.'

Whatever the importance of the incidents, the leaking of the report comes at an embarrassing time for the nuclear industry. It is bound to be seized upon by objectors to plans to build a European Plutonium Re-processing plant at Dounreay, the subject of a local planning enquiry which opened in Thurso town hall this week.

Rob Edwards



Martin Bond

Meanwhile, the suspicious gaze of Scottish Office chief reporter Sandy Bell is now fixed on Dounreay, looking into the scheme for a fast reactor fuel reprocessing plant — which, anyway, France wants on its own soil

MISCELLANY

Forked tongues

Remember how our intrepid cloak 'n dagger journalist Jolyon Jenkins sat in on a Police & Criminal Evidence Act training session for coppers at Tottenham Court Rd nick last winter (*NS* 29 November)? Ah well, never mind. He found even the trainers thought six hours minus coffee breaks ridiculously curt for possibly 'the most far-reaching piece of police legislation ever introduced'. A send-up of the Act by the cops themselves has just landed in the forked branch of a St James's Park tree from which our scoops are traditionally retrieved. It's an elegantly printed *pro forma* for the suspected criminal to fill out. 'Due to the workload and shortage of staff' it begins 'we regret that we are unable to come out to arrest you'. The suspect is asked to search his/her own house, nominate accomplices, bring a solicitor to the cop-shop ('if he [*sic*] is not a suspect'), and provide an interpreter if Welsh or Scottish. Great. Dawnings of an ultra-civilised police system. Labour authorities please copy.

Good ol' boys

Mrs Thatcher should avoid visiting the Tory twilit zone of Staines. Local builder Mike McLoughlin we learn has just resigned from the local Conservative club because it barred his wife Delia from membership. Nothing personal you understand, but it just isn't right for ladies to go into bars, is it? Women are only allowed to be associate members and are debarred — so to speak — from the main bar. McLoughlin decided enough was enough after unsuccessfully pressing the committee to change the rules: 'It's ridiculous. I can get my dog in but can't take Delia there.' He claims that one member of the club twice called women good for just three things: in bed, in front of the sink and behind the bar. That's family-values. Except in the Leaderene's homes.

Aussie bearing gifts

As Rupert Murdoch shows overdue signs of fright with his ads in those newspapers that will take them and his offers to Labour of the printing works that don't have barbed wire round them, a diligent reader sends us his 15 November 1969 statement to readers on taking over what had *been a Labour paper, the* Sun. *'The most important thing to remember' enthused the juvenile 'is that the new SUN' (his caps) 'will still be the paper that CARES' (ditto), 'the paper that cares — passionately — about breasts, money-making and reprinting other people's stories as "exclusives"'. No, sorry, that's a misquote: what he really did write in 1969 was that the* Sun *would continue to be 'the paper that cares — passionately — about truth, and beauty and justice'. Carried away, Lord Copper soared (no misquote here, we promise) 'the* Sun *will have a conscience. It will never forget its radical traditions.'*

Stock responses

We at the New Statesman *Stock Exchange Collection Can Project wouldn't like you to make* too *much money for your favourite cause. You might become corrupted and keep all the lucre for yourself. That's why our tipster failed to spot Woolworth's potential as a bid target, and thus earn your worthies the odd billion or two — and instead picked holding company Booker McConnell as a buy. To be fair to Booker's tho', if you did buy them two weeks ago, you should be able to realise a 4 per cent profit now (Tues pm). Chastened, our person with the pin is this week determined not to miss out on bid fever, and advises you to sell Dixons, Woolworth's predators. Woolies won't come cheap, and Dixons share price should suffer accordingly. And how about giving any profits to Intermediate Technology, given Dixon's reliance on sales of high tech? Remember only play with spare cash.*

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SCRUTINY

Duncan Campbell and Patrick Forbes

CHEMICAL WEAPONS PLAN PUSHED AHEAD

Within the next six weeks, Mrs Thatcher and members of a secret British government committee will meet to consider their support for controversial US plans for a new NATO 'chemical deterrent'. Approval for the American plans is now being quietly pushed through NATO

IF THE US is successful in its current behind-the-scenes manoeuvring, NATO's highest body, the North Atlantic Council, will agree plans at the end of May to acquire US 'binary' chemical weapons. A favourable NATO decision (from the US point of view) will also constitute de facto approval for the new weapons to be brought to Britain in a crisis.

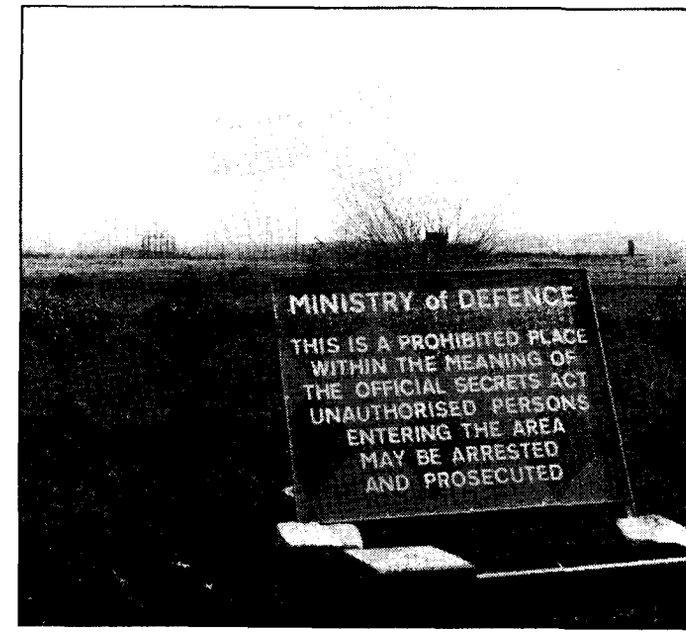
Funds for the binary chemical weapons have previously been blocked by strong opposition in the US Congress. Nevertheless, Reagan may soon get his way — but not before October this year, and then only if NATO has agreed first.

A Congressional Bill specifies a complicated formula for NATO approval. First, the President has to certify that the US has submitted to NATO a 'force goal [for] binary munitions'. This has happened — the force goal is understood to have been approved by the NATO Military Committee in mid-Feb.

The force goal must finally be approved by the North Atlantic Council. The Council will meet to consider this in Brussels on 22 May. If NATO approval is forthcoming, President Reagan has next to certify that the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe (SACEUR) has 'a plan' for the weapons to be 'deployed under appropriate contingency plans' in Europe. These plans are already written, SACEUR General Bernard Rogers said in February.

The British government remains evasive about its involvement in the chemical arms plan. The Foreign Office claims that, despite the imminence of the NATO meeting, 'no approach has been made to the British government either by NATO or the United States on a bilateral basis to ask the British government for agreement to the emergency deployment of US chemical weapons'. Asked whether SACEUR's contingency plans now refer to Britain as a planned storage site for the emergency nerve gas deployment, the Defence Ministry say that they will 'not answer hypothetical questions'.

In fact, the 'hypothetical' question is already answered. At the last of a series of two early reviews of British chemical weapons policy, Mrs Thatcher's secret committee considered the development of a British-only chemical stockpile (see *NS* 11 January 1985). Despite her great enthusiasm for this course of action, no decision was taken at the time. Ministers favoured an alternative option of allowing the US to deploy binary chemical munitions in Britain — even in peacetime. ●



Ouston's 'secure vehicle compound': who's parking there?

Car park for Britain's bomb

BEHIND barbed tape and weldmesh fencing at Albemarle Barracks, Ouston, near Newcastle, and surmounted by an array of floodlights on high masts, is a flat tract of concrete and a guard tower — Britain's most costly, highest security car park. The likely purpose of the million-pound so-called 'secure vehicle compound', just completed this month, has now become evident. It will be an overnight stopping ground for RAF 'special weapons' convoys, which carry nuclear weapons around the country.

The *NS* pointed out last month that the MoD's refusal to identify the purpose of vehicles which might visit Ouston (*NS* 7 March) did nothing to assuage rising local concern that the high security precautions were the first step in the development of a third British cruise missile base. The fencing and other security equipment at Ouston resembles the initial stages of development of the second British cruise missile base, Molesworth.

Soon after that, Ministry of Defence officials became more specific and told a local paper, the *Newcastle Journal*, that Ouston was a 'car park for convoys of lorries carrying nuclear material'. This is confirmed by the layout of the 'park', which provides for up to four of the special nuclear weapons transporters to be positioned facing a circular, hardened guard post, fitted with thick bulletproof glass. The site is surrounded by a high double fence and entered through remotely controlled gates.

The RAF nuclear convoy makes monthly trips to Scotland, transporting warheads for Polaris missiles between the nuclear weapons factory at Burghfield, near Reading, and the Royal Navy Armaments Depot at Coulport on the Clyde. Hitherto, it has usually stopped overnight at an RAF depot at Longtown, just north of Carlisle.

But this function may now have been taken over by Ouston. Photographs taken at Ouston two weeks ago (not illustrated) appear to show part of the convoy — an RAF safety tender and a single nuclear weapons transporter — inside the compound. The compound was empty this weekend, but was being patrolled by military police.

The Defence Ministry, however, now refuses to confirm its earlier admission about the purpose of the base. 'No one should comment on the composition of the [nuclear weapons] convoy, or its purpose', a representative told the *NS*. ●

File 'disappears'

THE DISAPPEARANCE of confidential papers dealing with unauthorised British Army and secret service activities from the House of Commons office of a Conservative MP is to be investigated by the police. Teddy Taylor, the right-wing Tory MP for Southend, fears that his office in the Commons' Norman Shaw Building was entered last month and the 'fat file' of papers removed.

Entry to the building is controlled by a police checkpoint and his office is locked, Taylor said this week, adding that '[the loss] does concern me'. He reported the loss to the police on Tuesday, after his research assistants had carried out several extensive searches.

The missing papers concern the affairs of a constituent, former Army intelligence officer Captain Fred Holroyd, who has been asking the Ministry of Defence to compensate him for his sudden removal from a sensitive post in Northern Ireland on grounds, which were later acknowledged to be spurious, of a 'mental problem'. Two years ago, Holroyd publicly revealed his knowledge of extensive police and army 'dirty tricks' activities in Northern Ireland (*NS* 4 May 1984).

Last week's 'disappearance' is the second time that papers connected with the Holroyd case have gone astray. A folder of original papers sent to the Prime Minister's office in January 1985 was never returned, and photocopies substituted. MoD officials now admit that it was 'possible' that copies were 'inadvertently substituted' for the papers sent to them from No 10.

M15 continues to be deeply concerned about the Holroyd case and that of former Army official Colin Wallace, with whom Holroyd is connected. The disappearance of the Holroyd papers was, Taylor told the *NS* this week, 'very distressing in view of Mr Holroyd's very understandable suspicions'. 'I don't know whether they've simply been lost, or removed, or whether I've mislaid them'. But it was 'the first time it has happened to me in my parliamentary career of 21 years'. ●

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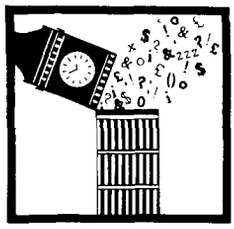

Britain's Bomb junkies and the biggest fix in the world

HEROIN ADDICTION is an illness that is now reasonably well-understood. The addict becomes dependent on his or her supplier(s); experiences physical deterioration, becomes anxious, has low self-esteem, denies what is happening, pretends that everything is under control. This spiral leads the addict to become a physical, emotional and spiritual wreck.

Last Sunday, Channel Four showed LWT's two-hour documentary, *Our Bomb, the Secret Story*. Its presenter, John Barry, is no CND member. Yet the remarkable thing about the story he told was how closely Britain's fixation with nuclear weapons has resembled the behaviour of an addict.

Three things tend to trigger addiction: a predisposition to take drugs, exposure to them, and a 'life event' — some trauma that leads the potential addict to feel that s/he cannot cope without them.

Britain has long had a *predisposition* to deploy the world's most advanced weapons. As a Great Imperial Power we used to invent a fair number of them. The more fiercely we defended our imperial status, the more we relied on our arsenals.

Exposure to nuclear weapons was at first self-induced. The bomb-making potential of nuclear fission was first explored in 1940 at Birmingham University by a young refugee from Germany, Rudolf Peierls. But the Americans, with their Manhattan Project, quickly gained the lead in translating theory into practice. Since 1941, US-British relations have largely been shaped by the ebbs and flows of nuclear technology. The Americans became the suppliers, the British the junkies.

Our *life event* — the trauma that made Britain especially vulnerable to the blandishments of the Bomb — was the Second World War and its immediate aftermath. An impoverished Britain could no longer sustain its empire. Yet the desire to remain a World Power lingered on. The Bomb nourished the illusion that this was possible.

If dependence is one of the most pervasive symptoms of addiction, denial is another. Denial of the dependent relationship between addict and supplier is almost universal in the early stages of addiction: 'I could cope on my own if I wanted to'.

So it was with Britain's Bomb. Roosevelt was willing to help Churchill, but Congress wasn't: in 1946 it passed the MacMahon Act which banned the exchange of nuclear information with other countries. For the next 15 years Britain tried to struggle on alone — while furtively returning to the Americans at regular intervals for help. The meetings took place in rather more salubrious places than public lavatories or unlicenced clubs; but the effect was much the same: to transact business in secret. When Attlee flew to Washington to offer the US access to scarce supplies of uranium in return for technical information, very few people on either side of the Atlantic knew the real purpose of his visit.

EVENTUALLY the British defence establishment conceded its dependence on the US. The immediate cause was our inability in the late 1950s and early 1960s to develop an effective home-grown delivery system.

As soon as our V-bombers were operational, the Russians' new missile technology made them vulnerable if they

PETER KELLNER

tried to fly anywhere near their target. Blue Steel — a mini-missile designed to be fired from V-bombers some distance away — ran into technical difficulties and had to be abandoned. The same fate befell Blue Streak, Britain's attempt to create our own bomb-carrying rocket.

By the early 1960s, our dependence-relationship with the US had reached a stage common in addiction: acute anxiety. The more Britain tried and failed to remain independent, the more desperate it became for help from Washington's pushers. Like many other pushers, Washington proved to be an unreliable 'friend'.

In 1960, following the cancellation of Blue Steel, the US agreed to supply Britain with Skybolt missiles, to be fitted to our V-bombers. As Barry points out, our decision to buy Skybolt was one of the most decisive post-war acts: from this point on Britain acknowledged that it lacked the capacity to create its own delivery systems. But in 1962, for domestic reasons, the US cancelled Skybolt.

Harold Macmillan scuttled off to meet President Kennedy in the Bahamas, behaving like an addict whose supplier had just withdrawn his supplies. Macmillan's message, in effect, was: 'Gimme something — anything — I must have my fix'. Kennedy offered Polaris, which Macmillan gratefully accepted.

In the late 1960s, Polaris's long-term future had to be considered. Missiles, like other drugs, gradually lose their mind-altering properties. Reassurance diminishes, old anxieties resurface. Harold Wilson's government had announced it would not replace Polaris with the next generation of nuclear weapons systems. But, according to Barry, Denis Healey — then Defence Secretary — was secretly planning to buy Antelope, a new front end for Polaris. His hopes were soon dashed: the Americans cancelled Antelope.

By the late-'70s, the post-Polaris question was becoming urgent. Senior junkies in the Ministry of Defence were already sweating at the fear of Britain going cold turkey. Shortly before he lost office, James Callaghan secretly explored the possibility of buying America's Trident C4 missile system, but left the final decision until after the 1979 election.

In any event, that election was won by the Conservatives. They decided to buy Trident C4 — only to be faced within two years by a repeat of the Skybolt and Antelope sagas: Washington's pushers withdrew the promised drug from the market and substituted a new, more potent and expensive narcotic, Trident D5. Which is where we are today, shelling out vast sums of money for a weapon that has no military logic, but rather satisfies the craving of an addict who has spent 40 years on the drug.

Throughout this time British governments have not only denied the true nature of their relationship with the United States. They have also concealed their actions from their family: the British people. Again, this form of denial is a common feature of addiction. The addict reassures the family that all is well, while concealing the truth of what is happening. And the family plays its part, enabling the addiction to continue: it wants to believe all is well and ignores all evidence to the contrary.

So it has been with the Bomb. Britain's economic deterioration has marched alongside its nuclear drugtaking. As taxpayers we have financed the addiction, and the dependence, by permitting successive governments to hoodwink us. (Attlee set the ball rolling. Like an addict needing money and asking the family to help out with his rent, he concealed his nuclear research costs under 'Repairs to Public Buildings' in the Supply Estimates.)

The key to curing drug addiction is to recognise it not as a moral failing, but as a disease — and to treat it as such. Britain's bomb junkies need the same cure. It is no more realistic to expect an incoming Labour government to get rid of all nuclear weapons overnight than it is to snap our fingers at a heroin addict and say 'stop'. The point is whether the patient acknowledges the illness and develops the determination to recover from it. It is on that basis, and not on instant miracle cures, that the next Labour government's nuclear policy should be judged. □

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'WHY SHOULD THE POLICE WANT TO BEAT PEOPLE UP?'

Because, writes MARTIN WALKER, some of them conduct their own political war against 'social disorder', in which Steven Shaw is the latest, shocking victim

ON THURSDAY 30 January, Steven Shaw, a 23-year-old research worker, travelled to Manchester from London by train. On arrival he went straight to his girlfriend's house in Longsight. He was in Manchester on the instructions of Avon and Somerset officers to talk to witnesses about to give evidence to a police complaints inquiry being conducted by them. He stayed in on Friday and Saturday, but in the early afternoon of Sunday he left the house to buy cigarettes from an off-licence.

Walking into an adjoining street, he had just passed a skip when two men leapt from behind it, shoulder charged him and hoisted him into an alley way. As the elder of the two held him, the younger man, who wore black leather gloves, rained blows in Steve's face. He took some 20 blows, his nose was broken and one of his eyes damaged.

The younger man, whom Steven noticed had bad acne, then began hitting him about the ribs with a large glass bottle; he was hit about 15 times. Then his legs were kicked from beneath him; just before he went down he was able to land one powerful punch in his attacker's mouth. While one of the men held him on the ground, he was kicked in the kidneys, the back and the head. He was just conscious as one of the men kneeling over him toyed with a lighted cigarette blindlingly close to his left eye. The point of the cigarette dipped and burnt into the flesh of his cheekbone; this happened twice again. As the men left he heard one of them say to him, 'Keep your mouth shut.'

Three weeks ago, when Steven Shaw went public over this attack, no suspects had been questioned by the police; no identification parades had been held; the identikit pictures that he had made up had not been publicly circulated. The reasons why no one has yet been charged with this attack might be complex. The reason why the investigation has not got so far as questioning anyone is simple; the two men who attacked Steven Shaw were police officers. The attack was apparently a desperate act carried out to stop Steven Shaw and his friends from giving evidence to any inquiry into police behaviour.

On 1 March 1985, Leon Brittan visited Manchester University. Through the student union, a demonstration had been called and a few hundred turned up to picket. Without any warning police charged the students on the steps of the University and violently cleared them away. Thirty-three students were arrested and a number injured.

'As the elder of the two held him, the younger man, who wore black leather gloves, rained blows on Steven's face'

The debacle — including pictures of the injured Sarah Hollis — received considerable local publicity. Manchester City Council set up a public inquiry and Avon and Somerset constabulary brought a 14-strong team into Manchester to investigate the events. Steven Shaw, then writing a thesis on police technology, agreed to collect student statements for the Public Inquiry. A student informer presumably told the police.

There were burglaries: at Steven Shaw's house; at the flat of Sarah Hollis; at the offices of the Manchester Police Monitoring Unit, and the house of one of their workers; and at the GLC Police Committee Support Unit offices — where one of the Public Inquiry team worked.

Both Steven Shaw and Sarah Hollis were frequently followed, stopped and threatened by uniformed and plainclothes officers. Sarah Hollis was threatened with assault and told that she could be raped 'by a black man' if she didn't stop co-operating with the Public Inquiry.

On 14 May Steven was stopped by two men in a 'W' registration red Cortina who asked him to follow them to Bootle Street police station. Both men showed him warrant cards confirming that they were police officers. He was led into the police station through a side entrance; he was not booked in and neither he nor they communicated with any other officers. He was held in an interview room for five hours, during which time he was questioned about his political beliefs. He was also stripped and his anus was 'searched' and ruptured in the process. Finally he was slapped about the face and thumped in the

Steven Shaw: victim of police aggression that the police haven't nailed

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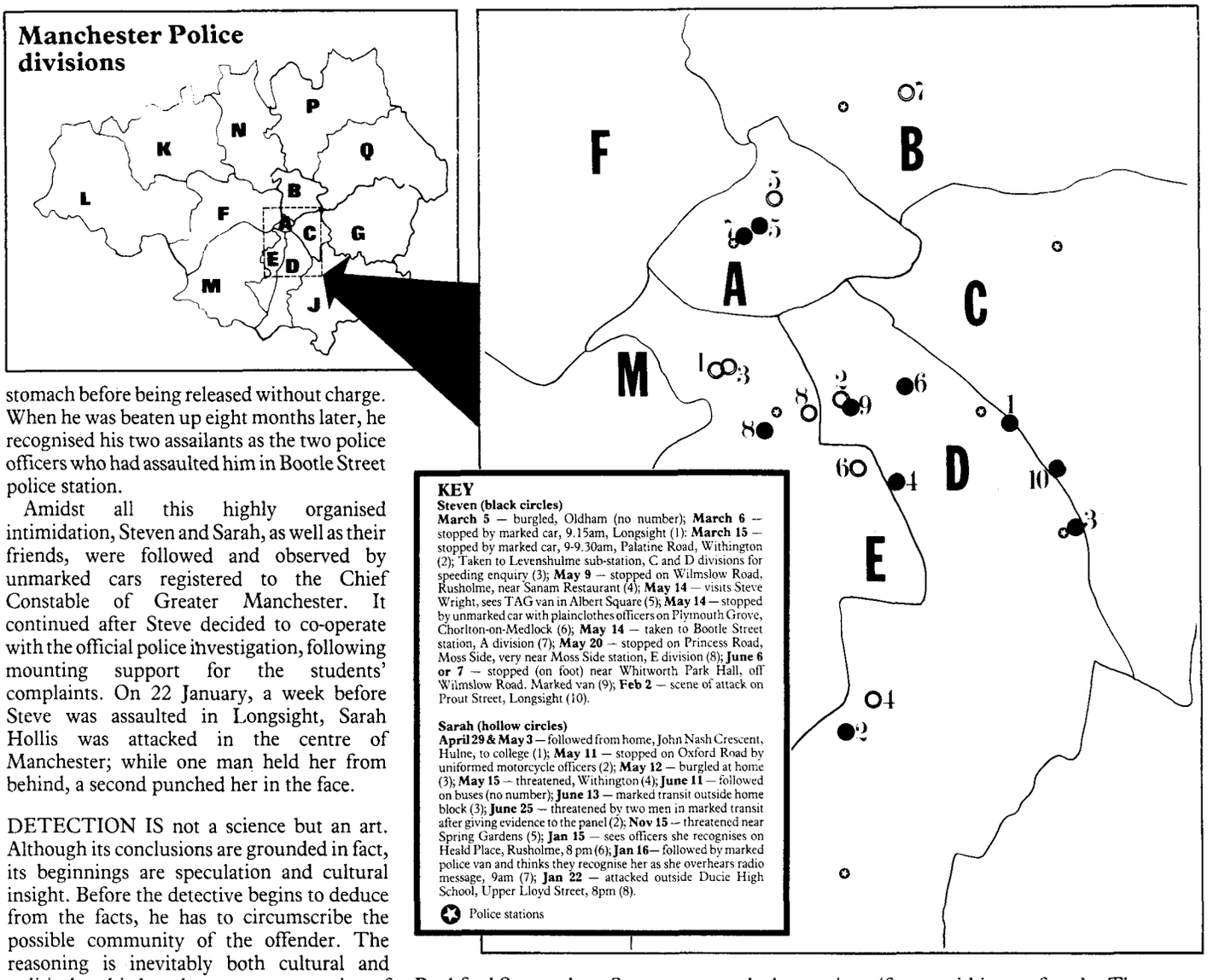
Manchester Police divisions
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Steven (black circles)
March 5 — burgled, Oldham (no number); March 6 — stopped by marked car, 9.15am, Longsight (1); March 15 — stopped by marked car, 9-9.30am, Palatine Road, Withington (2); Taken to Levenshulme sub-station, C and D divisions for speeding enquiry (3); May 9 — stopped on Wilmslow Road, Rusholme, near Sanam Restaurant (4); May 14 — visits Steve Wright, sees TAG van in Albert Square (5); May 14 — stopped by unmarked car with plainclothes officers on Plymouth Grove, Chorlton-on-Medlock (6); May 14 — taken to Bootle Street station, A division (7); May 20 — stopped on Princess Road, Moss Side, very near Moss Side station, E division (8); June 6 or 7 — stopped (on foot) near Whitworth Park Hall, off Wilmslow Road. Marked van (9); Feb 2 — scene of attack on Prout Street, Longsight (10).
Sarah (hollow circles)
April 29 & May 3 — followed from home, John Nash Crescent, Hulme, to college (1); May 11 — stopped on Oxford Road by uniformed motorcycle officers (2); May 12 — burgled at home (3); May 15 — threatened, Withington (4); June 11 — followed on buses (no number); June 13 — marked transit outside home block (3); June 25 — threatened by two men in marked transit after giving evidence to the panel (2); Nov 15 — threatened near Spring Gardens (5); Jan 15 — sees officers she recognises on Heald Place, Rusholme, 8 pm (6); Jan 16— followed by marked police van and thinks they recognise her as she overhears radio message, 9am (7); Jan 22 — attacked outside Ducie High School, Upper Lloyd Street, 8pm (8).
Police stations

stomach before being released without charge. When he was beaten up eight months later, he recognised his two assailants as the two police officers who had assaulted him in Bootle Street police station.

Amidst all this highly organised intimidation, Steven and Sarah, as well as their friends, were followed and observed by unmarked cars registered to the Chief Constable of Greater Manchester. It continued after Steve decided to co-operate with the official police investigation, following mounting support for the students' complaints. On 22 January, a week before Steve was assaulted in Longsight, Sarah Hollis was attacked in the centre of Manchester; while one man held her from behind, a second punched her in the face.

DETECTION IS not a science but an art. Although its conclusions are grounded in fact, its beginnings are speculation and cultural insight. Before the detective begins to deduce from the facts, he has to circumscribe the possible community of the offender. The reasoning is inevitably both cultural and political and is based upon a presumption of motive. Earlier this year a member of the Avon and Somerset Inquiry team told a solicitor that they had made no headway with Steven's attack because 'there was no motive'.

For the police, agents of the State and status quo, crime is, by its nature, committed by those who have no stake in either. Violence, the police believe, is a consequence of and is condoned by the permissiveness of left-wing and socialist thought. Crime and subversion become inextricably entwined, and in police ideology the harbingers of crime and disorder are the Left, the marginalised and the organised working class; *ipso facto* these people are most often the perpetrators of crime and rarely conceived of as its victims.

Thus even when reason points to a police officer as a criminal, the detective throws up his hands and asks: 'Why should the police want to beat people up?' An answer to this question comes easily to those who know that one of the major functions of policing is now social control rather than the clean-up of crime.

THERE CAN BE no doubt that the Avon and Somerset investigation of Steven Shaw's attacks has been deficient, primarily in that it failed to accept that there may be committed criminals inside Manchester police force. It was a full week before they began house to house inquiry in the immediate vicinity of Rushford Street where Steven was attacked.

Despite detailed descriptions of his assailants given by Steven Shaw, no searches for suspects have been conducted at police stations. Avon and Somerset officers have not focused their enquiries upon Moss Side, Longsight and Bootle Street, the police stations which are most likely to harbour his attackers. The 'W' registration Cortina has not been identified.

Despite the fact that Steven Shaw was taken to the Aliens Bureau inside Bootle Street police station, no officers from there have been put on identification parades. Despite the fact that he landed a damaging blow on the mouth of one of his attackers, no officers were interviewed immediately after the attack.

The victims of harassment and attack have been faced from the outset with implacable disbelief that police officers are involved. Interviewing officers from Avon and Somerset have bluntly asked witnesses if they knew of any left-wing political groups or students who might have carried out the attacks. One officer even canvassed the opinion that the whole thing could have been set up by a journalist.

Trends within Britain's police forces should now be sending a chill down the most well-clothed spine. There is the increasing, conspicuous use of arms and paramilitary tactics. There is also the concomitant trend amongst groups of uniformed officers and low-ranking detectives to conspire to act as a right-wing 'force within a force'. There are undoubtedly officers within the Greater Manchester Constabulary who are using its resources to wage their own campaign against those they assume to be on the Left, in this case students.

The Avon and Somerset Inquiry set about its original enquiries with some vigour, collecting 400 statements. But despite the need for absolute impartiality and independence, inquiry officers were billeted in the Greater Manchester Police training centre, and it handed over witness statements to the Greater Manchester Police solicitor.

After Steven Shaw was first assaulted in Bootle Street police station, the new Complaints Authority extended their brief of the inquiry to cover this criminal assault. This at first seemed an expedient move. But it has meant that the procedure for investigating the actions of named officers, many of whom gave evidence in court, is being used, quite inappropriately, to investigate a criminal assault by unnamed officers.

When Steven Shaw sustained a second, more serious attack, by the same officers, that criminal investigation should never have come within the remit of the Avon and Somerset officers; any of them could conceivably have been responsible for passing on information to the attackers. As it is, Steven Shaw, a victim of criminal assault, has been told by the Home Office that he will have to wait at

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least three months before the Home Secretary, Chief Constable James Anderton, the Director of Public Prosecutions, and the Police Complaints Authority receive a confidential report which tells them whether or not a crime has been committed.

In running both the police complaints and the serious assault case together, the police have been able to evade an urgent inquiry into whether Manchester police force harbours a group of thugs. What is most alarming about the official police inquiry, however, is that the officers of one force, Avon and Somerset, seem prepared to answer for the criminal acts committed by Manchester police. If the inquiry was truly independent, they would by now have made a public statement about the intimidation of *their* witnesses.

Steven Shaw and those helping him have been drawn to the inevitable conclusion that within the British police force there can be no independent scrutiny of police actions. And yet again, the professional integrity of detectives is thrown away to maintain the police view of who comprises the criminal community. □

Martin Walker is a writer and investigator.

SKOOL POLITICS

WHERE IT WENT WRONG IN THE CLASSROOM

JOHN WRIGHT looks back on the reasons for our failure to achieve a confident and progressive educational system. The lessons of that failure need to be recognised, if our schools are ever to become agents for sustained social change

YES, OF COURSE, progressive education, in its heyday in Britain during the sixties and early seventies, was a thoroughly nice idea. Children were to be valued for themselves, not just for their academic abilities. They learned better if the subject at hand engaged their interest, so teaching was seen more as a process of engaging interest than of exercising authority. The knowledge which children brought with them to the classroom from their families and communities was to be respected and built on . . .

Some of the ideas abroad in education today are much less attractive. Through a series of White Papers, consultative documents and draft circulars, the government has informed schools of their new tasks. They must teach enterprise and entrepreneurial skills and foster the competitive spirit. The curriculum should contain information which the government thinks important (hard-nosed economics, the virtues of the parliamentary system, facts of science without social implication, etc.), according to its own exceedingly narrow business ethos.

In the words of one Department of Education and Science official, 'People must be educated once more to know their place'.

If, as many teachers fear, we are witnessing the Tories hammering the final nails into the coffin of progressive education it may be salutory to remind ourselves of some of those other, earlier, nails which have played their part in the internment of the idea.

In retrospect, the least deadly of the attacks on progressive education was the one launched by right-wing intellectuals. Neither the bluff and bluster of Boyson and his Black Paper cronies, nor the more recent arcane meanderings of Roger Scruton, have had much impact on mainstream educational thinking or on the content of teacher training courses.

The reason for the Right's lack of influence among intellectuals is that there is really no such thing as a 'right-wing idea' in education. Learning involves growth in self-awareness and in knowledge of and understanding of the world. The major debate is around how schools can make the best of each pupil's potential for learning in this full sense.

The Right's intellectual contribution to the debate, however, is limited to a few comments on motivation along the lines of: 'Give a chap a chance to compete against another chap'; and, if that fails, an appeal to naked self-interest: 'Buckle down now and you'll get the qualifications which get the job which gets the money which gets the house and the big car and the stereo, video (or whatever the current trend in expensive tat may be).'

So far as capitalism is concerned, this is a sufficient concept of learning. Indeed, anything more holistic, more humane, would be threatening to its project. Occasional demands for 'excellence' as the goal and criterion of education are thrown in but this can safely be understood as a defence of the citadels of academia, not a serious contribution to how to educate the nation's children.

Yet despite the puniness of the Right's anti-progressive intervention in the educational debate, public opinion steadily turned against the idea of progressive education as the '70s wore on. Why was this?

Part of the answer lies in the popular press which increasingly became the harbinger of social doom, searching out sensational stories of the degeneration of youth. Although Fleet Street did not openly take issue with the idea of progressive education, we were subjected to a decade of shock-horror headlines of the 'Teacher gives sex talk/uses four letter words/can't spell/wears jeans' type.

The real bite of the Right's campaign against progressive education, then, was the attack on teachers in the popular press, in particular on teachers who could be presented as sufficiently trendy to strike a chord of prejudice in a public increasingly fearful of rebellious youth. Individual teachers suffered real damage, in career and personal terms. The profession as a whole was maligned and the idea of progressive education was publicly discredited without ever having been fully explained.

Far from organising a spirited defence of teachers, the Labour government, with both blinkered eyes on the opinion polls, joined in the teacher bashing. For the then Labour Prime Minister, James Callaghan, progressive education was as threatening to his traditional values (he also began making speeches about the fundamental importance of The Family) as it was to the Right's. At Ruskin College in November 1976, he attacked school standards and the teachers who set them. According to Charles Stuart-Jarvis, head of a south London comprehensive, this was when the rot set in. 'It served initially to devalue teachers by suggesting that they were not worth their salt and the then Secretary of State for Education connived at what was at best a pious hope and at worse a falsehood in suggesting that there was widespread inadequacy in the nation's schools. Manna to subsequent governments, the theme of "inadequate" teachers has been endlessly exploited . . .'

And exploited mainly with the aim of killing off liberal and radical educational ideas.

From a quite other angle came an attack on the belief that education in itself had the power to make society more equal. From the beginning, left sociologists insisted that progressive education was a con. Its reforms may well make schools pleasanter places for working-class children and may allow a few of them to get qualifications which would allow them to be 'upwardly mobile' (i.e. rise out of their class). But in no way would the reforms equalise life chances and resources. Education, the left sociologist warned, cannot compensate for an unequal society.

AND TO BE HONEST, looking around in 1986, it is difficult not to agree that they were right. We are a less equal, not more equal society. In these terms, progressive education changed nothing; was a failure.

So, is there anything more to be said? Well, yes. Neil Kinnock's recent *Observer* article setting out the next Labour government's education programme makes it clear that the party is preparing a resuscitation of some of the

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principles of progressive education, in particular the goal of fashioning an education service which will enable all people to take part on equal terms.

The programme contains a badly needed commitment to restore resources which have been lost to schools as the result of the government's cuts policy. Yet this may encourage the supporters of progressive education to argue that the real reason why its reforms failed is that they were never adequately financed.

Notwithstanding the criticisms of the Left, it seems that we are in for another period of pretence from the Labour Party that school reform can protect working-class children from the inequalities abroad in wide society. And what will not get addressed is the more fundamental task of defining a role which schools can play in the broader struggle to transform our society (and, indeed, the world) into something more humane, more equal.

If this is to be done, the lessons of the demise of progressive education need to be learned. Two spring to mind. First, the idea of progressive education was always the exclusive property of the professionals. It began with them and spread no further. This time round, the ideas must begin with and grow out of the experience of those people who actually use the services of the education systems — the young people themselves.

Second, classroom teachers are in the front line, taking the brunt of society's prejudice against what are perceived as educational fads and young people's continuing dissatisfaction with what schools offer. No one enters teaching for money. Job satisfaction and high morale is, therefore, crucially important. Too much of the Left's criticism of progressive education served only to demoralise teachers. Theoretical critiques need to be accompanied by at least the beginnings of proposals for alternative positive practice. And let's have an end to the academic excuse 'It's not our job to tell teachers what they can do in practice' — a shabby elitist smokescreen for lazy thinking and limited experience.

These two groups — the users of the service and the workers who provide the service — need to be fully involved in the process of drawing up a programme for the radicalisation of schooling in Britain. Sir Keith Joseph has cast them out of power and representation on governing bodies. Pupil governors are to be made illegal (there are elected student governors on school governing bodies in 11 local education authority areas). Of the other groups represented on governing bodies, the teachers are to be the smallest in number. The SDP's call for parent power is merely a demand for the 'natural' authority of the middle-class parent to be institutionalised.

These basic points must feed into any programme to transform our schools into institutions which are able to challenge the inequalities — of class, sex and race — in our society. Some elements of such a programme may already be under discussion by those individuals and groups who are pressing for pupils to have a greater say in the decision-making process in schools, and by those teachers who are pressing for worker participation in a much less hierarchically structured school system.

CRISIS IN MENTAL HEALTH

A New Statesman 3-parter — conclusion

End 1986 will see the first mental hospital closure as part of goverment policy aimed at 'care in the community'. There has been plenty of opposition to this policy on the Left but little serious attempt to develop a radical alternative. DAVID BERRY, in the last of three articles sketching out what such an alternative might be, reports on directions for psychotherapy.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS of Ham Common, in that part of South West London that has always been up-market, there's a small hospital that resembles nothing so much as a minor Edwardian public school. It has been described by one of its ex-patients in the excellent bimonthly magazine, *OpenMind*, as the 'Oxbridge of Mental Health'. It is called, after its founder, the Cassell Hospital. Ten miles north, in the more urban but just as fashionable area of South Hampstead, there's a clinic which looks from the outside like the HQ of a moderately profitable international company. Its business, in fact, is in teaching and developing a psychodynamic approach to mental disorders and mental stress for which, according to the *British Medical Journal*, 'psychiatry stands in (its) debt': the Tavistock Clinic.

Any discussion on the Left about alternatives to conventional psychiatric treatment comes back, sooner or later, to psychotherapy. And any discussion of psychotherapy in the National Health Service today returns, sooner or later, to the work of the Cassell Hospital and the Tavistock Clinic. Founded separately in 1920, they were the pioneer organisations for the application of psychoanalytic methods in the treatment of mental illness.

What can the Left learn from their experience in the current crisis in British mental health? Take serious mental illness, the kind that requires specialist psychiatric help. The Cassell and Tavistock consultants I talked to say that research has established psychotherapy as the 'treatment of choice' for severe neurosis. The usefulness of psychotherapy for patients on the 'borderline' between neurosis and psychosis is more debatable. The Cassell is predominately an in-patient hospital with 56 beds organised into two units, one for single people, the other for families. Patients receive individual psychotherapy from the 14 psychiatrists at the hospital but as important is the experience of living there. The 23 nurses are trained in psychosocial techniques and the hospital is organised as a 'therapeutic community': the patients play a large part in the running of the hospital and in helping each other.

The Tavistock is an out-patient clinic organised into three departments: adult, adolescent and children and parents. Since formation the Clinic has stressed the importance of a multi-disciplinary team of psychologists, social workers and psychiatrists working together to 'locate the strengths and blocks' of a patient's situation to 'help them help themselves'. Since the war, the Tavistock has specialised in providing training courses for all those in the front-line of mental health-care and prevention: GPs, teachers, social workers, even priests. Many of the recent initiatives by self-help groups and voluntary organisations in promoting mental health have come from Tavistock ideas.

The work of the Tavistock and Cassell has shown that psychotherapy, though a slow process, is by no means as costly as its critics say. The cost of treating a Cassell patient compares favourably with that of a more conventional psychiatric ward; and thanks to treatment which concentrates on staff skill in building relationships with patients, job satisfaction is in general higher than in other mental health centres.

In child psychiatry — the treatment of chronic illness (physical now as well as mental) and the prevention of mental disorders — the Tavistock and Cassell have been enormously influential in Britain. Why then has the kind of adult psychotherapy developed at these two centres not been widely copied and applied across the NHS? It is still very difficult to get psychotherapy outside the major teaching hospitals and there has been little attempt in Britain to see if psychotherapy can be adapted to the treatment of patients suffering from schizophrenia or manic depression.

It seems to me that this can only partly be explained by the image that has developed of psychotherapy being of benefit only to the articulate middle class — an image not helped by the Cassell's and Tavistock's locations, though many of their patients are in fact from working class backgrounds. And only partly explained by the confusion between psychoanalytic psychotherapy and the long and demanding process of psychoanalysis, which has little relevance to the mentally ill.

But the real reason is much more straightforward. Psychotherapy is a demanding process for both patients and staff. It doesn't allow a patient to be helpless and ill. It doesn't give a mental health professional instant recognition of his or her role. And it use the kind of skills not taught in medical or nursing school. The outcome of psychotherapy cannot be predicted in the way that drug treatment can and, unlike drugs, it is of little use as a management tool. That's why, like crisis intervention and the campaign against ECT and the overuse of drugs, psychotherapy treatment and 'therapeutic community' care are part of a coherent alternative for the Left, which avoids defending the old-style mental hospitals because there is 'nothing all that different about community care to put in their place.' There is.

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MEDIA

Spend, spend, spend — or disappear

CAROLINE BERMAN

NEWS OF people's deteriorating lifestyles has just reached the advertising industry. The 'lowest' social category, in advertising-speak the E class, has swollen from 9 per cent in 1980 to a massive 14 per cent — one in seven of the population and a much higher proportion of the TV audience — at the last count in 1985. The main reason the advertising industry has become interested in these people is not because they've discovered a growing new market for their products, but because they are 'distorting' the television viewing figures.

The E class is defined as those on the lowest level of subsistence: the long-term unemployed, pensioners living on state pensions and low paid casual workers. 'They are very poor, or very old and poor, and spend a long time watching television. They have little money to do anything else. They have a limited ability to buy but a great ability to watch TV,' according to Nick Farley, media research manager from Dorlands advertising agency, who led the campaign to change the method of assessing exactly who views TV.

The E group was traditionally lumped together with the D class of unskilled manual workers who actually have a lot more money to spend. The advertising agencies have now succeeded in making the broadcasting audience research organisation, BARB, separate out the Ds from the Es.

The figures from the National Readership Survey show the number of people living at the subsistence level has grown from 9 per cent to 14 per cent while there has been a decline in the numbers of skilled and unskilled workers in categories C2 and D. The proportion of C2s has fallen from 32 per cent in 1980 to 28 per cent while the D class of unskilled manual workers had gone down from 20 per cent to 18 per cent. Meanwhile the upper social categories in classes A, B and C1 have stayed fairly constant.

Es are of little interest to the advertisers, according to Peter Bowman, of the ad agency Wight Collins Rutherford Scott, because 'they are aimless, they haven't much choice, they don't have control of their finances because they're living off State benefits.' Yet they are heavy consumers of media because they have so much spare time. They are therefore easy targets for advertisers, and don't need much chasing. In contrast, young men aged 15 to 35 are very difficult to get hold of by the agencies because they don't read as many magazines or watch as much TV as other groups. That was why advertisers were so delighted with the American Football programmes on Channel 4 — it attracted just these kinds of elusive consumers of media.

It's also dangerously easy to recruit people in the E class as part of the audience research panels. So if the D and E classes are lumped together, the market researchers would end up with a disproportionate amount of Es, people who are 'economically inactive, who wouldn't be involved in holidays, finance etc,' according to Bowman.

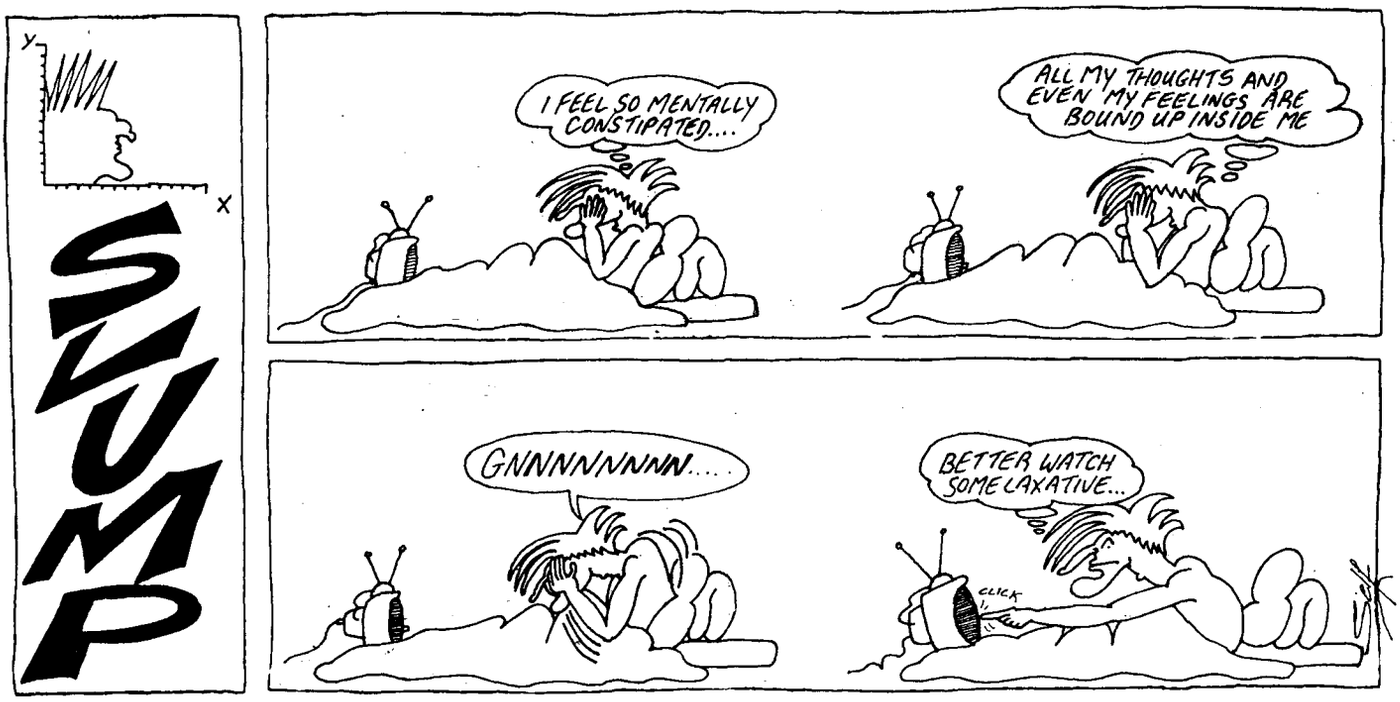
It's supposed to be very difficult to change social class. If a bank manager or doctor retires, they still stay in the professional class because they will have a pension and retain their status. And in most cases social categories depend more on status than on money. The E class is the exception. It is only money which separates the Ds from the Es.

If pensioners or unemployed people have a private income of any kind they would not be categorised in the E class. There is evidently a huge section of unemployed, elderly or disabled workers who are living solely on State benefits so have moved down in social status. As the trend is continuing, the numbers in the E class are set to grow.

The C2 skilled working class and C1 lower middle class households together have over half the total take home pay and these groups are some of the biggest spenders for household goods. They are of great interest to advertisers. Newspapers like the *Sun*, whose readers are predominately in the C1, C2 and D classes are full of ads for computers, hi-fi, cameras, garden furniture, DIY equipment and wrought iron garden fences.

'We rarely think about the E group,' admitted Tim Cox of agency Boase Massimi Pollitt. 'There are so few products aimed specifically at them.' However, one advertising agency admitted that certain vitamin pills and pharmaceutical products are bought more by the E class than any other. Special target groups are most frequently those with most money to spend — the ABC1 social groups or the young.

Advertisers were only concerned with the Es because they watched so much television that the viewing figures suggested programmes had a huge audience of people itching to spend the pounds in their pockets on all the advertised products. Advertisers often buy a certain number of TV ratings, or viewers for their ads and if a huge proportion of these viewers don't have any money to spend, then they're not getting their money's worth for their ads. □



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DIARY

Ian Williams

Liverpool

Easter Saturday I went to church. I hadn't apostatised from born-again Atheism. It was to tell the vicar his car was being stolen and I stood nervously gesticulating at the back while he was genuflecting at the front. There must be a lot of it about, because no one took any notice. So I decided the job description merited Caesar's attentions, left the Vic on his hotline to the Lord and phoned the police.

○

I'd been on may way to Alan Bleasdale, one of our local dramatic job creation schemes employing Scouse casts on a Cecil B. de Mille scale. Alan is a local hero, as was proved when an elderly woman came up to say how much she'd enjoyed *Blood Brothers*. He thanked her very much, but directed her across to Willy Russell on the other side of the bar. Alan's got a new film script bubbling, in which he moves from the Black Stuff to the Murky Stuff. It's about corruption and local politics. 'Tell me where is fancy bred?' How could someone in Liverpool come up with a theme like that?

○

The prevailingly relaxed standards of sanity confirm my plans for the city. We used to laugh at the world, but now there's more mileage in being laughed at. Liverpool's natural role is entertainment and amusement. We should accept that role and demand Equity rates from the government for all the inhabitants. You give us the bread and we'll give you the circuses. One shop steward thought the idea basically sound, but wanted a campaign to increase Equity rates.

○

Later in the week I met Cathy Hunt who's making a tentative start on the idea. She is organising the Festival of Comedy on Merseyside in July. Cath has been to the local chain cinemas asking for co-operation for showing comedy films for the half-term holiday week coinciding with the Festival. One manager told her she had it all wrong. We're *commercial* and the kids want *violence*.

Our civic leadership, constant in Philistinism, aren't co-operating with the Festival either. Except they may arrange a Militant Rally for the week. Maybe I malign the Philistines. After all it was Samson who became patron prophet of developers by demolishing the Temple. Anywhere Demagogic Centralists are in control, like Tirana, Warsaw or Liverpool, humour plays a significant part in politics, as risible reality undermines posture. Harbingers of the new era, away from the stereotypical slanging of the so called Hard Left, the Sharp Left is back at work. 'The only soft thing about her is her teeth,' I was told about one local heroine, while the silent majority of anti-Militant councillors were described as the 'Trappist Tendency'. The Church Militant I suppose.

○

Proving that the Lunatic, Liverpool and the Poet are all complete, I stumbled across Ken Campbell peering wild-eyed over a pint in the early hours of the morning. He's convinced himself he is, spiritually at least, a Scouser, since it's the only place that people will go along with his wild imaginings. He was enthusing about his new idea. He's going in at the deep end, making a big splash and joining the wets. In short, or rather in shorts, he's staging an underwater rock concert, claiming that sounds are sensational in every sense under water. Is he off his cake, as Scouse describes this divine madness, or is he only pretending? The answer came from those around that anyone who wants to pretend lunacy on that scale just grows Topsy-like into the part. He'll be on the council next, someone warned.

○

Grand National eve saw principles overpower pelf. As we crammed in the bar, the restaurateur turned away a party of 14 Irish race-goers. They wanted chips with their steaks and she's not going to have chips in her restaurant, not even if they're called *pommes frites*. It's the smell, she complained.

I couldn't agree. For me, crossing the Pennines is like going through an olfactory time warp into nostalgia. Unlike this side, long converted to vegetable oils, they use rich-smelling overheated beef dripping in fish and chip shops, as if cholesterol hadn't been invented. The fish are huge and fresh as well. 'Chippies' this close to the Irish Sea and Sellafield are harshly lit so customers can't see the fish glowing in the dark. They even give tiny portions to reduce the dosage as well!

○

While the race-goers were painting their parts of town red, around Liverpool 8 all the street signs are being tastefully tinted in Afro green, yellow and red. It isn't a gesture of reconciliation from the city council to the black community, but a marking of territory. Funnily enough the boundaries it marks are the same as the police's 'No Go Area'. Of course it isn't really a no go area, it's just, explained one cynical police sergeant, that we have to ask permission *before* we go in. Arrest by appointment he called it. I believe officers I meet in after hours drinking clubs. A copper-bottomed guarantee of veracity you may say. It was a good week for sergeants. Another confided that the Operational Support Division, the Force's answer to the SAS, is known to the PBI on the beat as 'Odds, Sods and Dickheads'.

Constabulary attitudes owe a lot to the 1919 Liverpool police strike. Heaving chest to chest at the sharp end of a Vietnam demonstration in 1968, I was trying to incite a lugubrious veteran sergeant to a repeat performance, when he asked rhetorically what had happened. They were all sacked and every rogue in Liverpool was recruited, I said. He shook his head. 'There's no need to tell me, son' he said resignedly. 'They were all my superior officers when I started!'.

○

To finish off the week, I returned to the newly opened Merseyside Labour History Museum, Merseyside County's last gift to the area. The city council doesn't go for Museums, nor for Labour History, coming as they do from a tradition that thinks the trilobites were a breakaway Trotskyite faction. The county council will be sadly missed on Merseyside. But, showing that the government still thinks that it's cowboy country, not only has the council-less County of Merseyside still got a Lord Lieutenant, they've just acquired a High Sheriff as well. As an economy measure, the powers that be have forborne to appoint a Deputy.

ROGER WODDIS

Fear over Fulham

I was sitting at home last evening,
When this pollster came to my door:
'How are you voting on Thursday?
Are you anti, uncertain or for?'

Did I favour this or that party?
Were they doing a bad job or good?
I carefully pondered the questions
And told the young gel where I stood.

'I'm voting for all that is decent,
For justice and Gooch and the Queen,
Against every creed that is alien,
The filth that you see on the screen.'

Conservative values, I told her,
Were founded on freedom of choice
And power to the people with money
Who speak with a civilised voice.

I said there were only two nations,
A fact I learnt fagging at school:
Those who are fit to be governed
And those who are destined to rule.

If Labour should win — God preserve us!
The thought sends a chill up my spine —
You know what we did to the councils,
We can always abolish the swine.

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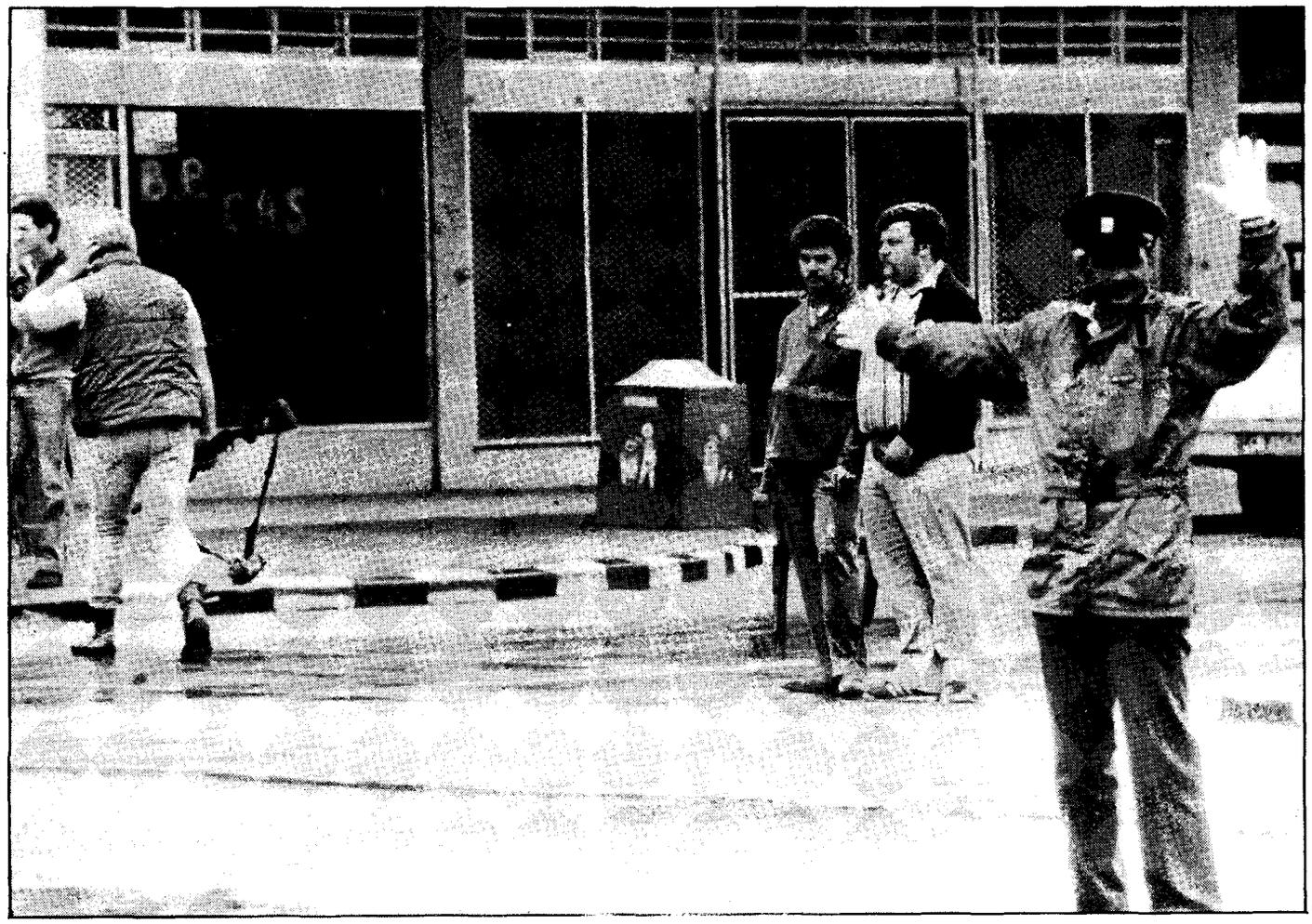

Rex Features

WHITE VIGILANTES TAKE TO STREETS

In a backlash reminiscent of Algeria, extreme right-wing whites are attacking their own government as 'liberal' and forming anti-Black vigilante groups. PHILLIP VAN NIEKERK reports on the fast growing crisis of government in Pretoria

Johannesburg

THE EMERGENCE OF a violent white backlash in South Africa recently has raised the spectre of white terrorism as a new force to counter the unrelenting 21-month long Black revolt.

On the West Rand, west of Johannesburg, three white men have been charged with shooting Blacks and another three with burning a Black man to death.

There have been consistent reports in areas close to Johannesburg, as well as in far-flung rural areas, of masked white vigilantes systematically shooting and beating up residents of the Black townships. A common phenomenon has been whites in cars apparently taking random pot shots at Black pedestrians.

A young Black man from the West Rand township of Kagiso was bludgeoned to death on 24 February by whites armed with pick-handles and truncheons; bodies of Blacks burnt beyond recognition, reminiscent of Ku Klux Klan killings, have been discovered on the West Rand.

The white vigilantes are proving to be an acute embarrassment to the authorities.

Their emergence coincides with a mushrooming of support for ultra-right-wing groups such as the neo-fascist Afrikaner Resistance Movement (AWB), which is highly critical of what it sees as the government's failure to control the townships.

The Commissioner of Police, General John Coetzee, has forbidden AWB members to become members of the police force or the police reserve, but strong suspicions remain that many members of the security forces have sympathies with the far Right.

The High Priest of the AWB is Eugene Terre 'Blanche, himself a former policeman and a demagogue who believes that Jews should be deprived of the vote and that the Afrikaners should have their own homelands — Boer States — where they could govern themselves away from the threatening Black multitudes. A joke Frankenstein monster of Afrikaner nationalism until a few months ago, Terre 'Blanche has emerged in recent months at rally after rally with an apparent groundswell of support. He arrives at meetings heading a cavalry guard, conjuring up emotional images of the Afrikaner past, holding a banner of the AWB emblem which resembles a swastika.

The proof of the movement's growing

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popularity is the respect with which it is treated by the Conservative Party, a right-wing breakaway from the government which has 19 seats in parliament and stands to become the offical opposition.

Terre 'Blanche has addressed the Conservatives' caucus on his concept of a Boer State and recently shared a platform with Connie Mulder, the man who nearly won the premiership race against P. W. Botha in 1978 and who is now a senior member of the Conservative Party.

While the Conservatives have been very critical of the government's handling of the unrest in the townships, they have not gone as far as the AWB in advocating a militia to defend whites against protesting Blacks. At his public meetings Terre 'Blanche has been wildly cheered, while calling for the establishment of a Brandwag — his own armed vigilante group.

On the West Rand, in particular, the notion of white groups defending themselves against the Black militants has been well-received by white residents. The death of two white policeman in a fracas with Black miners — in which 10 of the miners also died — at the Randfontein Estates gold mine on the West Rand in January this year prompted an angry reaction from white residents of nearby towns such as Krugersdorp.

In addition, the Government has come in for heavy flak from right-wingers in Krugersdorp for rescinding an earlier decision to 'resettle' the residents of the Black townships of Munsieville which borders on a white suburb. Following a petition by 11,000 whites to have Munsieville removed, the government struck a compromise: leave the township, but erect a highway between the two areas as well as a well-patrolled, well-lit security fence.

This evident friction between white and Black communities has been seen in other areas, such as the coalmining centre of Witbank, where white miners have threatened to arm themselves against their Black colleagues. In the sleepy holiday resort of Warmbaths in the Northern Transvaal, meanwhile, a 10-day stayaway by Black workers completely polarised the town and led to about 60 per cent of the Black workforce being fired.

This is not the universal picture, however. In the Black slum of Alexandra, north of Johannesburg, residents and businesses from the surrounding affluent white suburbs have got together with Black community leaders from Alexandra to form a civil convergence group which has formulated a plan for joint local government.

But Alexandra is so far the exception rather than the rule. In other areas fears are increasing of the emergence of white terrorism on the lines of the Organisation Armée Secrete (OAS), the right-wing white colonialists who fought against the liberation movement in Algeria. South Africa has its own examples of right-wing revolts. In both the first and second World Wars, Afrikaners dissatisfied with South African participation on the side of Britain rose against Afrikaner-led governments.

Today the government's reforms — rejected as inadequate by most black political groups — are being seen by hardline Afrikaner groups as a betrayal of the white population's right to govern itself.

More specifically, the inability of those superficial reforms or of the government's security forces to stop the uprising of the Black community is creating a growing right-wing dissidence. At the same time as threatening residents of the Black townships, the white vigilantes are adding to the Nationalist Party's crisis of government. □

ARMS (OUT OF) CONTROL

LAST GRAIN OF SALT II

JACK MENDELSOHN dissects and derides the latest madness in US 'defence' policy

Washington

WHEN THE EIGHTH Trident submarine, the *USS Nevada*, begins its sea trials in May the United States will precipitate yet another crisis in arms control. The US multiple-warhead (MIRVed) missile force is currently at 1,198 launchers, right up against the 1,200 limit set by SALT II. The addition of *USS Nevada* will force the US to decide whether or not to dismantle 22 existing MIRVed missile launchers and continue to remain within the limits of the unratified — but mutually observed — SALT II treaty.

Last June, when confronted with a similar situation in conjunction with the sea trials of the seventh Trident, the Reagan Administration, under pressure from Congress and its NATO allies, chose to continue to comply with SALT II and dismantle an existing nuclear missile submarine.

But at the same time the President also proclaimed the adoption of a new policy of 'proportionate response'. This commits the US to undertake 'appropriate and proportionate' actions to compensate for *alleged* Soviet violations of existing arms control arrangements.

In support of this new policy, the President directed the Defense Department to submit a report by 15 November 1985, identifying potential 'proportionate responses' which the US might undertake. Those recommendations are currently under consideration; whether and how the administration chooses to implement them — some would violate provisions of existing US-Soviet arms agreements — will be a central issue in the arms control debate in the immediate future.

Before blaming Soviet violations for their own 'proportionate response', however, the Reagan Administration needs, for its own credibility to establish beyond reasonable

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doubt the validity of its accusations. But with the exception of its brief against the construction of a new Soviet early warning radar at Krasnoyarsk, the US hasn't made a convincing case against the Russians.

First, many of the Reagan Administration's accusations are actually described as only 'probable' or 'potential' violations. Secondly there is still considerable uncertainty and scepticism regarding the SALT II violation which is considered to be the most serious and unequivocal — the deployment of a second new land-based ballistic missile, the SS-25. Thirdly, while the Soviet Union clearly 'scrambles' information about missile tests, however, there is considerable ambiguity over what precisely is meant by the SALT II treaty which both permits such activity and proscribes it in the same clause.

BUT EVEN IF the US Administration's allegations of Soviet non-compliance were well-founded, the only political and military reason for a 'proportionate response' — particularly if it leads to US violations of existing arms control agreements — is retaliation.

Adopting a 'proportionate response' policy is tantamount to abandoning the traditional way the superpowers have resolved arguments over breaking agreements — by consultation. If the US refuses to consult, it effectively eliminates any Soviet incentive to discuss or redress the problems and reduces the likelihood of being able to change Soviet policy.

If the US deliberately violates an existing agreement or political commitment, it will be the first officially sanctioned breach of the strategic treaties by either side and will almost certainly weaken existing arms control arrangements even further. A US violation would also probably provoke the Soviet Union into adopting its own version of 'proportionate response'. The Soviets would probably deploy more of their currently limited weapons and analysts all agree that the Soviet Union is far more able than the US quickly to exploit a collapse in SALT agreements.

BUT EVEN ASIDE from the dangerous political implications of Reagan's new policy, the recommendations put forward by his Defense Department lack military or strategic logic. The second part of the department's study reportedly calls for the US to counter Soviet non-compliance by:

- deploying additional three-warhead Minuteman III land-based Inter-Continental Ballistic Missiles (ICBMs) as replacements for single-warhead Minuteman II missiles, a violation of the SALT II MIRVed launcher limit;
- drydocking rather than dismantling or converting older Poseidon boats as new Trident submarines come on line, another violation of the SALT II MIRVed launcher limit;
- Scrambling information about the US missile test programmes, a violation, at least according to the United States, of the SALT II provision on verification.

Even if — and this is a big 'if' because of the doubts and uncertainties noted above — US accusations of alleged Soviet violations are justified, these recommended 'proportionate responses' make no sense. They are either strategically *significant* responses to *insignificant* Soviet violations or they are totally inappropriate military reactions to the supposed threat.

A coherent US policy — as opposed to a provocative one — in face of alleged or even overt Soviet treaty misbehaviour should consist of two elements. First, the sides should make a genuine effort to discuss, illuminate and resolve ambiguous activities in a constructive and not hostile atmosphere. That is why the Standing Consultative Commission (SCC) was created in SALT I. The Commission has established a good track record under past administrations for working out complex problems related to arms control agreements, but most observers agree that the SCC cannot carry out its work successfully unless the US stops characterising every contentious issue as a violation *before* it has been thoroughly aired in the SCC.

> . . . it is clearly political nonsense to respond to militarily insignificant technical violations with strategically important deployments . . . is the US embarked on a course likely to provoke the collapse of what little strategic arms control still exists? . . .

Secondly, the sides should make a genuine effort to clarify and amplify those provisions of existing agreements that have been the source of controversy. These differences exist not because the agreements were poorly drafted, but because they were complex, necessarily incomplete and, in some cases, intentionally ambiguous. Moreover, security agreements need constant attention if they are to survive, but the SCC has been stymied in its efforts to address these problems.

Failing this — and the Reagan Administration has a long way to go before it can claim to have exhausted all means of negotiated recourse — any unilateral action undertaken by the US should be genuinely *proportionate* and not *provocative*. It is clearly political nonsense to respond to militarily insignificant technical violations with strategically important deployments.

The appropriate response to the new Soviet early warning radar at Krasnoyarsk, for example, is not to deploy additional Minuteman III ICBMs in violation of the MIRVed missile limit of the SALT II Treaty. This would only invite similar Soviet reprisals and threaten to unravel a totally different segment of the current commitment to arms control.

A truly 'proportionate' response to the challenge posed by the deployment of additional Soviet ABM radars might be to:

- increase the ability of US weapons to foil an ABM defence by deploying improved penetration aids;
- increase the number of missile warheads available to the US, eg deploy the ten-warhead MX in place of the Minuteman III with three warheads;
- build new early warning radars outside the US, eg, in Thule, Greenland, and Fylingdales Moor in the UK.

Interestingly enough, *the US is already engaged in all of these programmes.* The first two are clearly within the provisions of existing treaties. The third is claimed by the Soviet Union to be in violation of the ABM Treaty but, in a tacit admission of comparability, they have offered to cease all activity at Krasnoyarsk if the US will abandon its modernisation programme at Thule and Fylingdales. Any other response to the Krasnoyarsk radar would be either disproportionate or diversionary, a political rather than a strategic reaction.

QUITE APART FROM the general strategic illogic of the Reagan Administration's 'proportionate response' policy, even our own Joint Chiefs or Staff are clearly not prepared to divert resources from major military programmes to the marginal activities involved in carrying out a policy of proportionate response. Indeed, the Chiefs are sufficiently confident about the US ability to compensate for any alleged Soviet violations that Defense Secretary Weinberger was obliged to note that they consider the current US Strategic Modernization Program, by itself, to be an 'appropriate and proportionate response' if fully funded by Congress.

In the international arena, the Administration is now labouring under the hyperbole of a 'fresh start' in US-Soviet relations and under the pressure of the summit communiqué to 'accelerate' efforts in arms control. In view of the expectations generated by upcoming summit meetings, and in light of the keen interest displayed by the Nato Allies in maintaining the existing framework of strategic arms control, it would be singularly counter-productive for the US to undercut existing political commitments or become tagged as a violator of international agreements. If, nonetheless, the US does choose to implement the more mischievous Defense Department recommendations for a 'proportionate response,' it will have embarked on a course that is likely to provoke the collapse of what little strategic arms control still exists. □

Jack Mendelsohn, a former senior US Foreign Service officer, was a member of the US SALT II and START delegations. He is presently Deputy Director of the Arms Control Association in Washington. This article is based on a longer piece in the Jan/Feb issue of Arms Control Today.

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LETTERS

No better than a bucketful of tranquilisers

Kitty Burton, London SW4

As a jaded community psychiatric nurse, I eagerly read David Berry's articles on the Crisis in Mental Health in the hope perhaps that some coherent Labour policy on mental health would be outlined. I am, so far, disappointed. As usual the Left radical alternative for mental health seems to get bogged down in the woolly issue of whether mental illness exists or not, becomes preoccupied with the apparent uselessness of tranquilisers, and joins the 'ban ECT' lobby.

And then there is 'conventional psychiatry' so conveniently dismissed as really a lot of patriarchal bunkum. The alternative, it seems, is the therapeutic community approach, family therapy and psychotherapy. I have experience of both 'conventional' and 'alternative' psychiatry, because I need to use them both in a fairly complex balance to suit the needs of my individual clients. Doling out family therapy to some of my clients would be more torturous to them than munching through a bucketful of tranquilisers,and probably more destructive.

What I'm looking for from the Left is a policy that doesn't expend all its intellect on rejecting current psychiatric services, but recognises the essentially eclectic nature of treating mental health problems and comes up with a plan for the future that will ensure that sufferers get their needs met promptly and effectively.

David Lyne, North West Fellowship (For the support of schizophrenia sufferers and their families), Warrington

In the first article on Crisis in Mental Health David Berry dealt with the work of Barnet's 'Crisis Intervention Team'. The story taken to illustrate the work of this unit caused me, and I am sure, many of our members considerable dismay. The description of the solution to one man's difficulties — for the social worker to contact the mother and persuade her to look after the man overnight — left so many questions unanswered. It hardly provided justification for the conclusion that crisis intervention should be placed at the top of the agenda for 'a radical alternative to community care for the mentally ill'.

Like so much of community care, the burden of care was being borne by the mother. Presumably the social worker could go home after the visit to the police station but what happened to the man and the mother? 'A probable diagnosis of schizophrenia was avoided' says David Berry but if the man was suffering from schizophrenia wasn't this diagnosis once again merely delayed — probably to the detriment of the man and his mother? What help was given subsequently? What support was extended to the mother? What facilities existed to assist the man? If he was ill what was going to be the nature of subsequent interventions?

To take psychiatry out of the remit of medicine does little to help the problems and difficulties of those who experience mental illness. To remove hospitals and prevent hospital admissions does not make schizophrenia disappear. What it can do is to make the lot of families, friends and relatives harder.

This was yet one more example of theoretical expositions which demonstrate little real understanding of the problems of the mentally ill and their families. Crisis Intervention Teams such as this hardly justify the considerable expenditure which can be committed to them. By preventing admissions they can save on the cost of patient care but at what cost to the community?

The teachings of Truman

J. Dexter Dias, Collingwood College, University of Durham

It is very surprising that Noam Chomsky (*NS* 4 April) cannot find any 'historical antecedents' for the use of America's 'forceful intervention and violence'. Consider the origins of the American foreign policy of containment.

In 1947 President Harry Truman gave a speech outlining US commitments to foreign intervention to support free democratic peoples from the alleged threat of communism. He used the relatively insignificant civil war in Greece as an example. A few thousand left-wing guerrillas (with a few communists) were fighting a Western-supported right-wing dictatorship. It was an internal power struggle. Truman distorted the situation and created a non-existent communist 'crisis'. Containment was born.

The comparisons are illuminating. Truman was faced with a population reluctant to get involved in another foreign war after two World Wars (cf the 'Vietnam Syndrome') and a Congress reluctant to agree foreign — especially military — expenditure. By manufacturing a simple dichotomy — freedom vs totalitarianism — Truman got the $400 million emergency aid and prepared the way for his real objective — the entanglement of an autonomy-seeking Western Europe into the US economy with $17 billion Marshall Aid.

Could it not also be that the 'created crisis' in Nicaragua is the precursor to greater expenditure in propping up pro-US Central American dictatorships in order to save both markets and materials? The strategic position of those states is virtually irrelevant.

To revitalise the US economy, a militaristic high-technology war economy, foreign crises and wars are needed both to secure public funds for greater military expenditure and to provide a use for the product.

Lawson owes it to Owen

Shaun Best, Chair, Luddenden Foot Labour Party

Your editorial of 28 March rightly outlined Chancellor Lawson's conversion to the economic analysis of Martin L. Weitzman; but what you did not mention was that 'Weitzmanism' was initially put forward by David Owen.

In May 1985 Owen delivered a speech at Nottingham University, drawing on the thinking of Weitzman, where he outlined the SDP 'Social Market' approach. Owen claimed this would take the form of a 'share economy'. Dismantling nationalised industries, notably British Gas, would be given high priority by a future Alliance government, he said. Moreover, as long ago as the 1984 SDP conference Owen was saying: '. . . the best way of promoting a progressive and prosperous social market economy (was) through a more widely dispersed ownership of property and assets'.

In the Jan/Feb issue of *The New Democrat*, Weitzman argued that a future Alliance government should 'continue and even accelerate the process of denationalisation and deregulation.' It is important to note that, on the second reading of the Gas Bill, the Alliance put forward an amendment to throw the Bill out on the grounds that '. . . the government have not attempted to introduce competition or to tackle the monopoly . . . The government are not allowing a free market in North Sea Gas'. (Malcolm Bruce *Hansard* 10 Dec 1985.) John Williamson, a leading member of the Liberal Party's Treasury Affairs Panel, recently endorsed the Weitzman plan, 'a policy we already believed in'.

The notion of the Social Market Economy is very closely related to the thinking of Sir Keith Joseph. The intellectual basis for Thatcherism is to be found in Sir Keith's 1975 pamphlet, *Why Britain needs a Social Market Economy*. In this pamphlet Sir Keith said many of the things which Owen is now saying.

Take me to your Leader
30
THESE BROWN RICE AND WINDMILLS PEOPLE ARE PERFECTLY CHARMING, BUT SO UNREALISTIC. IT'S NOT SO MUCH THEIR WOOLLY HATS— IT'S THEIR WOOLLY MINDS I OBJECT TO!
HA HA!
HA HA
GOODBYE. VERY NICE TO HAVE MET YOU!
GOODBYE MR. BAKER!
IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE PINSTRIPED SUIT— IT'S THE PINSTRIPED HAIR···
JOHN MINNION

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Threats of uncivil death

From a very conventional childhood, HELEN JOSEPH found herself swept into national prominence in the fight against apartheid in South Africa. She has been banned, imprisoned, held under house arrest, harassed — though always protected from the worst by the colour of her skin. This week, still going strong, she celebrates her 81st birthday with the publication by Zed Press, of her autobiography, *Side by Side*, from which this article is taken

ON 13 OCTOBER 1962, I became the first person in South Africa to be put under house arrest. The minister was 'satisfied' that I was engaged in activities which were furthering or were calculated to further, the achievement of any of the objects of communism. Because of this satisfaction he could and did tear my life to pieces, set me apart from my fellows and deny me association with others, the very stuff of life itself.

It happened so quickly, no pre-warning, just a couple of men walking down my garden path that Saturday morning, to hand me a few sheets of paper, beginning, 'Whereas, I Johannes Balthazar Vorster, am satisfied . . .' and ending. 'given under my hand this eleventh day of October 1962' and signed J. B. Vorster. In between were the prohibitions which drastically curtailed my freedom and changed my life.

No longer could I leave my house after 6.30 pm or at any time during the weekend, or leave the magisterial area of Johannesburg, or be in any black area, or factory, or communicate with any banned or listed person. Nor could any of my friends visit me in my home, or even walk down my garden path, nor could I attend any gatherings, social or political. Over and above all these prohibitions, I was compelled to report to the Central Johannesburg police station every day between midday and two o'clock, except of course on the days when I was confined to the house.

I thought at first that it related to the Mandela trial, due to start on the Monday and to the Sunday meeting at which I was supposed to speak. I telephoned one or two other speakers, but found that all meetings or demonstrations relating to the trial had been prohibited in any event, so it wasn't that. I realised unhappily that I should not now be able to get to court to see Nelson, although I did not know then that I should not see him again for a very long time.

That weekend, after the initial shock began to wear off, I had time to think about what had happened to me and what my life might be like for the next five years. The astonishing part was that it was, in fact, only me. I found this impossible to understand and so, I am sure, did many other people. There were many others in the Congress Alliance who were far more prominent than I. True, I had been very active in the Federation (of South African Women), I was its National Secretary, I had been the National Vice President of the Congress of Democrats, but only for a few short weeks before it was banned. I had been detained in 1960, been on trial for high treason, but had been acquitted. Were these activities furthering the achievement of any of the objects of communism?

'It seemed an incredibly stupid choice by the government, to begin with an ageing white woman who was not even seriously suspected of being a communist'

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I had indeed been making the most of my freedom after the five-year ban expired. I had toured the country to find the banished people, and I had written and spoken about them. I had written a book about the treason trial but it was not yet published. Were these activities crimes to bring such punishment upon me? And this time with no opportunity for a court trial where I could speak in my own defence. I could not even speak out in South Africa any more, for it was now illegal to publish any statement by a banned person.

All my political actions, except for a couple of arrests in forbidden areas, had been legal. If they had not been, I should have been brought to trial. I felt that they were all part of a legitimate non-violent political struggle for democratic rights for all the people of South Africa.

I thought about the past ten years and what my life had become, different indeed from anything that I had ever imagined. I had slipped easily, almost unconsciously, into this new political life which absorbed so much of all my days and nights. I had not made a deliberate choice. Bonhoeffer, the famous German pastor, executed in a Nazi gaol, had said, 'I know what I have chosen.' That was not true of me. I had not been aware of any specific choice. I had not been able to see what would be the result of this intense political involvement.

Jillian Edelstein

CERTAINLY NOTHING in my early life had prepared me for it. My youth had been almost ordinary — a middle-class home, school, matriculation, university. I could not recall any serious discussions with my parents or even with my brother on justice or human rights, beyond the fact that England went to war against Germany for a just cause. Patriotism, therefore, was important. Our politics were respectably conservative and Winston Churchill was our MP. I had floated through university with no real social involvement, except a little dabbling in working girl clubs. Even going to India was not really the result of any purposeful decision. I had to find a job; without a training, teaching was all that was offered to me, and travel appeared exciting. Coming to South Africa had been fortuitous, the result of a riding accident.

'Once a woman telephoned and seemed quite pleasant until I asked who she was, when she said "just another white who wants to break your communist neck"'

Now I had to face the cost of those heady years of the decade of defiance of an evil and hostile authority. I had, with others, already paid a high price in the danger of the treason trial, in the months of detention, in a five-year ban. Yet through all those years it had been more than compensated by the knowledge of abiding solidarity, of achievement, of being part of something greater than anything else in my life. I had known and shared success in the building of the Women's Federation, in the organising of those great protests, in establishing the cultural clubs during the school boycotts, in seeking and finding the banished Africans — and in the great victory of the treason acquittal. Yet now, that weekend, I seemed to stand alone, impotent. The horrors of house arrest at first overwhelmed me. Would I be able to cope with the cruel lonely years that lay ahead? Telephone calls could not fill the empty hours, the empty house.

It certainly seemed an incredibly stupid choice on the part of the government, to begin with an ageing white woman of fifty-seven, who lived entirely alone, who was not even seriously suspected of being a communist, and who had had only a short, if spectacular, political history. Genuine public sympathy and concern was aroused and expressed, though of course with it came execration, mostly in the form of obscene telephone calls, threatening, abusive, always anonymous.

I learned from the Sunday newspapers, which my friends brought to my gate, that my house arrest had indeed aroused enormous publicity, both here and abroad. It was termed 'civil death' and I remembered the living dead, the banished people whom I had seen such a short time ago. I was far better off than they were.

John Vorster, Minister of Justice, declared to the press that when the General Laws Amendment Act was passed, which contained these new frightening powers, it was no bluff. A 'certain person' had not heeded this warning and therefore the first house arrest had been ordered. He did not want to curb freedom of speech or the right to protest. Every South African was the child of protest, but the freedom of the state could not be violated. He warned that he could get even tougher.

Intimidation was clearly part of the motivation of the house arrest. Nevertheless, the weeks that followed saw many demonstrations by the Black Sash, in Cape Town — where women stood silent in the pouring rain — in Durban, East London and Johannesburg, all protesting against this violation of human rights. Outside the Johannesburg City Hall, the Congress Alliance demonstrated at midday and I walked past them on my way to report at the police station. My Congress friends of all races cheered me as I passed. I could not stop or greet them, but it was a very good moment for me.

In Pretoria, Nelson Mandela's trial was over and he had been found guilty of inciting workers to be absent from work, to stay at home illegally and also of leaving the country illegally himself. He was sentenced to five years imprisonment. Was it for this that he had returned from other lands? He had told the court how his conscience had made it imperative for him to oppose laws which were unjust, immoral and intolerable.

Nelson's wife, Winnie, was at his trial to hear his conviction and sentence, to realise

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that she must stand alone, must bring up the two little girls alone, for the next five years. But she did not know then that it would not just be five years and that within two years her husband would be sentenced to life imprisonment.

I had received a letter from Nelson, from gaol, while he was awaiting trial:

> My dear Helen,
>
> I join the millions of democrats here and abroad in condemning the cruel and cowardly order of house arrest imposed on you by the Minister of Justice.
>
> Courage never failed you in the past. It will not fail you now when all signs point unmistakably to the early defeat of all regimes based on force and violence.
>
> You and I and indeed the millions of freedom fighters in this country cannot afford to take this challenge lying down.
>
> With fondest regards,
>
> Yours very sincerely
>
> Nelson

I carried that letter with me everywhere during those first bewildering weeks. It brought back to me the journeys we had shared, back and forth to the treason trial, and the close and loving friendship that had grown out of those trial years.

As I moved slowly through the first year of house arrest, it developed its own rhythm. The freedom to move out of my house as early as half past six in the morning didn't mean very much to me. This couple of hours before my office work began seemed a bit of a waste, until I started to call on my friends sometimes to have breakfast with them. I called on others on my way home in the evenings for a quick drink and some chatter — behind drawn curtains if there was more than one other person present, and always watching the time so that I could be sure of getting home before half past six.

Despite all my restrictions, I did not escape attention from the security police. They suddenly instituted a vicious campaign of following me by car wherever I went. It was unreal, sometimes comic, mostly sinister. When I left my home in the morning to go to work, one or even two cars would be parked in Fanny Avenue, a block away, and would pull out behind me and follow me all the way to town. This performance would be repeated when I went to report at the police station too, whether I went there by car, or bus, or walked. When I returned home, they were there again.

The 1950s, Helen Joseph writes, had been a decade of protest, from the Defiance Campaign at the beginning of the acquittals at the treason trial and the resistance of women to passes at the end. The underlying feeling for the resisters was one of achievement.

But the 1960s were years of political trials and the remorseless introduction of more and more laws preventing democratic political action. Helen Joseph's house arrest was renewed for a further five years the moment the first term ended. The banning orders on her were also made more comprehensive in 1966 after publication of her book on those exiled to 'homelands', Tomorrow's Sun. *Finally, in 1971, the house arrest was lifted in response to international protest after she began hospital treatment for breast cancer.*

Despite the harassment, illness and her age, she remained politically active through the trials of the 1970s, the Soweto massacre and the protests over deaths in detention.

IN JUNE 1977, the telephone calls started again but now more obscene than threatening, and only one which said, 'We'll kill you tonight'. I was becoming almost indifferent to them until a rock the size of a tennis ball smashed through my sitting room window.

Press reporters came the next day and while they were at my home the usual telephone calls started, threatening and abusive. I called one of the reporters to the phone to take the third call. What he heard was, 'You dirty old bitch, we're coming tonight to cut your throat!'

No one can dispute a broken window and a rock, but I sometimes wondered whether people really believed me about the telephone threats. Until the reporter took the call, I had no way of proving that they had actually taken place. Once a woman telephoned and seemed quite pleasant until I asked who she was and then she said, 'just another white who wants to break your communist neck'.

Hoax harassment soon followed. I was amazed at the ingenuity which avoided repetition. A man came to collect a non-existent piano and another came for a garden roller, both of which I was supposed to have advertised for sale: there was a glazier to mend an unbroken window, paving stones for a garden already paved. Then a new, more sinister, macabre type of hoax. I was telephoned by a supposed hospital doctor to say that a friend had met with a motor accident. I was suspicious this time and asked for a number to call back, but when I did so there was no such doctor. The following day I had a call beginning 'This is the government mortuary here . . .' I put the receiver down quickly. An hour later, a small closed van arrived at my gate with two men in white overalls. They said they were from the mortuary and had come for the body. That afternoon there was another call, 'We're coming tonight to cut your throat, cut your throat . . .' screamed at me in a rising crescendo.

Nothing of all this really prepared me for what was to come. At midnight on 15 August I woke startled, to the deafening sound of gunfire and heard glass shattering in my sitting room.

The next day there was first a call at midday, 'What a pity! What a pity!' and then at three o'clock, 'Next time you won't be so lucky!' Then, 'Helen, the next one will be between the eyeballs'. At four o'clock, 'Are you insured?' and late that night, 'What sort of wood do you want for your coffin?' A day or so later . . . 'What about a date with death? Twelve o'clock is the time', and then a little later, 'Tonight I'm coming to cut your throat, you old bitch'.

For the rest of that year, there was little beyond obscenity, but 1979 brought more sinister telephone calls. 'We're going to wipe you out . . . It won't be like last time, we'll do a proper job this time'. On 8 February, at the usual time, 12.30am, I heard three ear-splitting blasts. This time I knew what they were. At half past six the next morning I went out and was shocked to find a bullet hole in the wall only inches away from by bedroom window. When the police came, they found a second bullet hole, this one in the roof just above the bedroom window.

Part of the horror of this protracted persecution and especially the shooting, was the realisation that I was actually so hated by other human beings as to make all this possible. A few friends were experiencing similar incidents sporadically, though not actual shooting, except of course the dreadful assassination of Rick Turner, who had opened his window late one night to investigate a sound on his verandah. He was shot and died in the arms of his young daughter.

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE years, another State of Emergency has been declared. It doesn't really affect the white people. We live undisturbed in our white houses, in our white suburbs, we read about what is happening to people in black areas. We see it on television — some of it — but outside South Africa much more is seen through the foreign media. I am sure that the vast majority of white South Africans remain ignorant of the extent of the violence.

Yet I am sure that white South Africa is frightened as never before, frightened for its wealth and its power, frightened for the continuation of its everyday life of privilege, frightened lest the violence cannot be contained by the armed brutality of the police and the army. And, most of all, fearful now of the worldwide hostility towards South Africa and its apartheid regime, expressing itself in increasing disinvestment and sanctions.

The fine clothes of the emperor have vanished and apartheid faces the world in its naked ugliness.

The banner of the Freedom Charter flies as high today as ever. The name of Nelson Mandela is on the lips of the vast majority of the people as the recognised leader. The struggle for justice must follow its course until the hunger of the people is satisfied, for a piece of freedom is no longer enough.

> They have been given pieces, but unlike bread, a piece of liberty does not finish hunger. Freedom is like life. It cannot be had in instalments. Freedom is indivisible. We have it all or we are not free.
>
> *Dr Martin Luther King*

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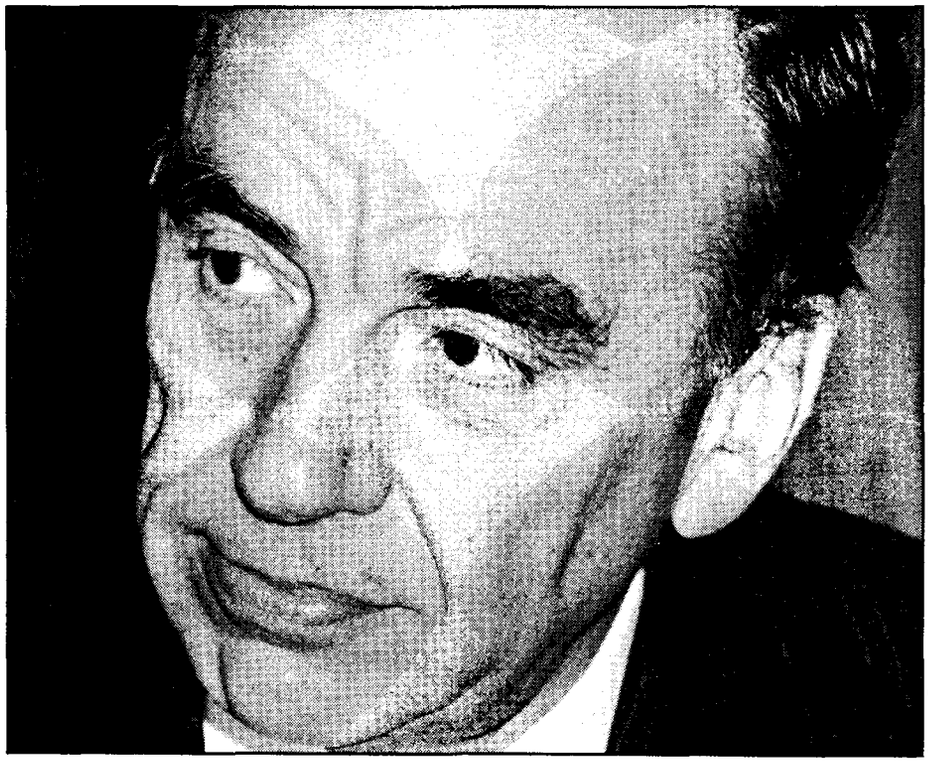

Camera Press

Press-cuttings

Francis Wheen

Rupert Murdoch: A Paper Prince
GEORGE MUNSTER *Viking* £12.95
Selling Hitler: The Story of the Hitler Diaries
ROBERT HARRIS *Faber* £10.95

BY THE MIDDLE of 1983 Rupert Murdoch presided over the printing of three billion newspapers a year.

When I read this sentence, which is slipped in just four pages from the end of George Munster's book, I was thrown into a deep gloom from which I haven't yet emerged. *Three billion*, each of them stuffed with tens of thousands of words offering false reassurance or whipping up false panics, written in styles varying from the orotund vacuity of *The Times* to the telegraphese of the *New York Post*. It's a public health risk on a par with the poisoning of an entire nation's water supply.

Now and again efforts have been made to stop the poison spreading. But they have been made only by the relatively powerless. The forces ranged against them have proved superior every time.

The people who have allowed Murdoch to flourish include journalists, or 'journos' as Murdoch calls them. Writing about the low morale at Murdoch's paper *The Australian* in 1966, Munster comments that 'journalists were hard to keep, harder to replace'. Not so. Murdoch's experience suggests quite the opposite. All it took to 'keep' journalists at the *Sun* and *Times* during the move to Wapping was a salary rise of £2,000 and free membership of BUPA.

The one paper which has had a mass exodus of journalists under Murdoch's ownership is the *Sunday Times*. But has he shown any hint of alarm at this? Of course not. What the *Sunday Times* proves, in Murdoch's view, is that even if you can't hang on to your journos you can always replace them. True, the journalists who left the paper included many of the best of their generation; true, too, many of the people who have replaced them are no-hopers and half-wits. But has this collapse in standards been accompanied by a plummet in circulation? Not really. Sales are down at the moment, but mainly because of the difficulties of printing and distributing the paper from Wapping.

In other words, Murdoch has been confirmed yet again in his belief that the public will consume whatever malodorous muck he lays before them. Hence his contempt for journalists and his conviction that they are ultimately dispensable. Any moderately intelligent mammal can acquire the art of Page Three caption-writing in two hours flat. It is often forgotten that *Sun* journalists went on strike during the Falklands War (though not, I need hardly add, over the war coverage; it was their pay rise that excited them) and for several days the whole paper was written and sub-edited by Kelvin Mackenzie, the head-banging editor, and a handful of executives. I doubt if a single reader noticed any difference.

The printers, too, have done their bit to keep the poison flowing; like the journalists, they have now been rewarded by being shown to be dispensable. There are unintended layers of meaning in the poster being used by the NGA and Sogat at the moment in which a child says that her dad helped Murdoch make millions and has now been sacked. For one thing, it shows that old gender distinctions die hard, even in a union whose leader is a woman: although the poster implies otherwise, the workers sacked by Murdoch were *not* exclusively men.

But what is most interesting about the poster is its emphasis. The child seems to be protesting merely at her father's dismissal, not at the fact that he helped Murdoch make millions. She appears to want her father to have the right to return to his old work, making even more millions for Murdoch by printing lies and filth.

Of course Murdoch behaved despicably by provoking his production workers into a strike and then firing them. But how else would one expect him to behave? Even George Munster's biography, though strangely unrevealing, gives ample evidence that Murdoch is as trustworthy and decent as a rattlesnake. Perhaps when he first came to Britain the trade unions could be excused their ignorance of his nature (though a few inquiries in Australia would have told them all they needed to know). Perhaps some people really did believe Murdoch's signed editorial in the *Sun* of 15 November 1969, helpfully reproduced by Munster: 'But the most important thing to remember is that the new *Sun* will still be the paper that CARES. The paper that cares — passionately — about truth, and beauty and justice.'

But anyone who works for Murdoch these days does so with open eyes. The Hitler Diaries affair, brilliantly chronicled by Robert Harris, was emphatically not an aberration. As Harris notes, Murdoch showed no remorse when the diaries were exposed as fakes. His three public comments on the affair were as follows:

> 'Nothing ventured, nothing gained.'
> 'After all, we are in the entertainment business.'
> 'Circulation went up and it stayed up. We didn't lose money or anything like that.'

The last quote is the crucial one. Murdoch's empire, for all its globe-swaddling size, is financially unstable. For cash, Murdoch is heavily dependent on the profits from just one newspaper — the *Sun*. This gives him the capacity, as Munster points out, to borrow money and thus start and take over other papers, television stations and much else. It is strange but true that his worldwide, billion-dollar enterprise is kept going, in effect, by Samantha Fox's breasts.

And, lest we forget, by the pathetic docility of politicians. Although journalists and printers may have helped spread the poison, they could reasonably argue that they couldn't have stopped it anyway. Politicians were the one group who could have stunted his growth. They could, to take just one example, have referred his bid for Times Newspapers to the Monopolies Commission.

But of course they didn't, because Murdoch had invested in Thatcher in the run up to her election and was thus entitled to claim a dividend. The same has happened wherever he has operated. In party terms he is promiscuous; at one time or another he has won the favours of Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan, Gough Whitlam and Malcolm Fraser. What matters to him is gaining leverage over people in power. As a furious Australian senator put it in the mid-1970s: 'Is this country to continue to be run with governments being made and broken, and men being made and broken, by snide, slick innuendoes of a lying . . . pimp — Rupert Murdoch?' The short answer is yes.

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FICTION

Vicarious living

John Clute

Gestures
H. S. BHABRA *Michael Joseph* £9.95
August in July
CARLO GEBLER *Hamish Hamilton* £9.95
The Nuclear Age
TIM O'BRIEN *Collins* £10.95
Broderie Anglaise
VIOLET TREFUSIS *Methuen* £8.95
Queer
WILLIAM BURROUGHS *Picador* £8.95

LIKE SPRING after a long winter come two novels of promise and achievement. **Gestures** is H. S. Bhabra's first book, while Carlo Gébler has been publishing fiction for some time, *August in July* being his second novel; but both writers impart a sense of novelty and rigour to stories that might easily have slumped into baggy cliché. Both writers feel new.

In *Gestures*, 83-year-old retired diplomat Jeremy Burnham sets out to write a staid autobiography, the story of his consular service in Europe and Asia from 1923 until his recent retirement, knighted, decently moneyed, conservative and complacent. But it will not wash. This version of his past seems deeply unreal and indeed the version of European civilisation for which he had acted as front-man for half a century also seems preposterous, and pathetic. Burnham has been a vicarious man.

His life — and Europe's — has been lived by someone else, Anthony Manet, peripatetic Jew, scholar, linguist, liberal intellectual, whom Burnham meets on his first posting, to Venice in 1923 just as Mussolini is tightening his grip on Italy. Burnham understands little of the knightly humanism that shapes Manet's life and when, by dint of sleazy Realpolitik, he saves Manet from the authorities, it seems in retrospect a Pyrrhic victory. For he has soiled Manet.

Later, in the desolate Amsterdam of 1945, the plot thickens, perhaps ultimately to the detriment of the book's gravity of intention, though at the same time it is bracing to perceive a meticulously contrived plot surface so slyly and ominously through the seeming serenity of Burnham's prose. His reunion with cancer-ridden Manet and his affair with the louche daughter of a rich industrialist once au fait with the Nazis come together in a generation-spanning sting that, though entirely predictable, still manages to delight.

And it is the mechanical vigour of this plotline that gives occasion and breathing-room for Bhabra's quite extraordinary eloquence. He writes with cello-like sonority, but time and again manages his syntax and his paragraphs into crescendos of epigram. It is a remarkable performance. Though it is at the close less serious than it hopes to be — for a novel which attempted to breathe the same air as Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus* does end up hyperventilating with Richard Condon — *Gestures* remains, all the same, a feat of rhetoric, a lament for the death of liberal Europe and a cunning portrayal of the particularly subtle compromise with the evil of the world that Burnham manifests in his despairing life.

Carlo Gébler's **August in July** — it's an unfortunate title — also presents the autobiography of a vicarious man in the evening of his days, but the crisis August Slemic faces comes to a head after he has begun his consolatory, nostalgic journal. He is of Polish origin and, though he has spent most of his adult life in London as senior partner in an estate agency, the memories of his urban Polish childhood come vividly to life as soon as he begins writing. Interwoven with these reminiscences, and dated several months later, is his account of a climactic day in July. How this narrative, which seems to move towards a final icy fixity of Slemic's incommunicado soul, in fact represents the opposite of despair owes its powerful rightness of effect to some very clever plotting on Gébler's part. *August in July* seems shapeless only until everything is revealed, when it is made clear that nothing whatsoever is extraneous in this time-bomb of a tale.

There are a few moments of bellowed eloquence in **The Nuclear Age**, a novel of modern America by Tim O'Brien, and a dovetailing plot that promises some sort of revelatory punch, but in the event the book falls terribly flat. From the perspective of 1995, when he has finally gone over the edge and begun to dig a fallout shelter in which he plans to incarcerate his wife and child and remain safe for ever from nuclear holocaust, William Cowling tells the story of his life from childhood in the Eisenhower Fifties, radical adolescence in 1968 and later to traumatised adulthood in the Eighties as the world darkens and he freezes his fragile gun-shy psyche into outward conformity. But it is a long book, and William cannot stop shouting. Some of what he says has a contemporary urgency about it, once or twice; but repetition begins to numb long before the climax fizzles out, like a wet fuse. It is only marginally consoling to learn that the Bomb fails to give us a bang, either.

For a coda, two short books from long ago, one now printed for the first time in English, one for the first time at all. Violet Trefusis, whose biography by Philippe Julian and John Phillips is also being reprinted, seems to have been one of the milder sacred monsters around the fringe of Bloomsbury. She published **Broderie Anglaise** in French in 1935, where it remained in obscurity for 50 years. Its main interest lies in the fact that it is a *roman à clef*. Unfeminine thin-haired bluestocking Alexa is Virginia Woolf; dark dashing cowardly Lord Shorne is Vita Sackville-West, and the irruption into their artificial affair of foxy Anne from France (Violet herself) is both a sly dig at the other two, and a rather touching wish-fulfilment. Anne is *zaftig*, mature, flexible, female and fully satisfied with her life. All unknowingly, her intervention in the lives of the others exposes contrivance, betrayal, coldness and snobbery and serves as a pretext to end the affair between them. There are some sharp lines and observations, but the book takes on real vitality only as paraphrase.

William Burroughs wrote **Queer** in the early 1950s. As autobiography and exercise in technique it helps bridge the void between the 'William Lee' of *Junky* and the inspired paranoia of *Naked Lunch*. The book ends in mid-air at the beginning of a vision of apocalypse, but what goes before is more than mere infilling for later works of genius. The Mexico it depicts is phosphorescent and the portrait of William Lee is devastating. For William Burroughs, start here. □

Fearfully and wonderfully

Bruce Hepburn

Notes of an Anatomist
F. GONZALEZ-CRUSSI *Picador* £2.95

DR GONZALEZ-CRUSSI is no ordinary physician. His patients are all dead. He is a pathologist whose delight is in decrepitude. He dwells on Simone de Beauvoir's reaction to the sight of the naked body of her deceased mother. He pays tribute to the fly, with its peculiar genius for survival, 'gloating on the excrementous residues which we detest' and recounts the discovery of enough lead shot in the body of a 'whoring, roaring, roaming' sailor to serve him as an anchor.

This collection of extraordinarily uncomfortable essays should be required reading for our rulers to remind them that they too will quite shortly be equal made with those on whom they have the impudence to impose their wicked will. In Europe they will generally be reduced to handfuls of dust and in America eventually to food for worms and worse. Whether delayed or not, by those processes which Waugh and Jessica Mitford derided, but of which the author quaintly approves (on the ground that the body is 'so wondrous a habitation' that its decay should be decelerated to the best of the mortician's ability) he reminds us that decomposition of one sort or another is our universal fate and that it is salutary for us all to keep our latter end in mind.

When not discussing death he draws our attention to no less ostensibly distressing topics: to teratomata — 'the faux pas of nature', giving high marks to the Chinese for their 'simple and transparent tolerance of monsters', to the 'inauspicious calamity' of twinning and to the myths surrounding the male generative organs whose mutilation, still of course commonly inflicted, the ancients in their wisdom associated with the creation of the universe — 'the big ouch' rather than the big bang.

Some critics have compared the author favourably, if perhaps a shade hyperbolically, with Lamb and Montaigne. More pertinently he bears comparison rather with such other highly articulate American medical

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philosophers as Richard Seltzer (*Mortal Lessons*) and Larry Dossey (*Space Time and Medicine*). Like them he writes with an elegance and economy seen to best advantage in his moving account of the history of child abuse.

Although daily presented in the pursuit of their profession with an enviably copious wealth of material about the human condition, doctors in this country seem incapable of producing anything comparable with *Notes of an Anatomist*. That they find it difficult to communicate coherently even with each other in learned papers is a sad commentary on the early age at which they are compelled to specialise and on their selection depending only on a shabby scientific competence. □

Homily

Clive Davis

Evidence of Things Not Seen
JAMES BALDWIN *Michael Joseph* £8.95

SOME FIVE YEARS ago, James Baldwin made a rambling ITV documentary about the Deep South. The film appeared to consist mainly of shots of the expatriate novelist wandering around desolate landscapes and engaging in stage-managed conversations with former Civil Rights leaders. To his admirers, it seemed another example of a writer being undermined by the need to supply 'interesting' pictures at the expense of analysis. Many of us waited for Baldwin to sit down in his villa in the South of France and tackle the subject in the way he knows best. This extended essay appears to be the result.

So, has the wait been worthwhile? Frankly, no. *Evidence Of Things Not Seen* is nowhere near as ambitious as the documentary, since it focuses on one specific theme, mass murder in Atlanta between 1979 and 1981. But it's every bit as self-indulgent. Baldwin appears to have few new ideas to put across and is happy to confine himself to fire-and-brimstone prophecies and startling generalisations on topics as diverse as Irish-Americans, El Salvador and the royal family. In the course of his argument, which covers barely 125 pages, he flatly asserts, among other things, that the Common Market was conceived as a means of maintaining slavery; that advertising is pornography; and that the security guard who caught the Watergate plumbers red-handed was never properly rewarded because he was black. American conservatives will hardly be losing any sleep over allegations like these, which only serve to divert attention from the many valid observations on events in Atlanta.

People here have probably forgotten the main details of the Atlanta killings. The book takes no account of this, plunging the readers into a mass of unfamiliar detail and leaving them to fend for themselves. That isn't Baldwin's fault, perhaps, but the publishers could surely have added a factual foreword.

The bare facts are these. Over a period of almost two years 28 young black people — most of them children — were found murdered in various locations around Atlanta. The form of death was not identical in every case; nevertheless, the police and media generally acted on the assumption that the murders followed a pattern. In June 1981 the arrest and subsequent conviction of a self-styled music promoter, 23-year-old Wayne Williams, signalled the end of the city's nightmare.

The trial could hardly have been described as a triumph of American justice. For a start, Williams was not charged with 28 murders, but only with those of the last two victims, both grown men. All the same, the prosecution took advantage of an obscure Georgian law to introduce evidence linking him with at least ten murders. The evidence appears to have been circumstantial, to say the least, and might have been swept aside by a competent defence team. Williams's lawyers, though, failed to agree on a common approach. Williams's sullen and arrogant manner in court only compounded his difficulties.

Baldwin evokes the confusion surrounding the affair. There seems no doubt now that more than one murderer was responsible for the killings. The book also hints at the resentment of the dead children's parents, who initially criticised the police for not tackling the case as thoroughly as they might have done if the victims had been white. Paradoxically, once the media caught the scent of a scandal, Baldwin believes, the city's black administration became increasingly desperate to pin the blame on the first available suspect. To add to the city's troubles, all sorts of psychics and charlatans swarmed south to expound their own theories.

What we are supposed to make of all this is not clear, because the line of argument is as confusing as the pattern linking the dead children. Such a grisly subject requires a methodical, journalistic approach. Baldwin goes instead for the blend of fierce polemic and autobiography which has characterised his non-fiction for more than a decade. In this context it becomes self-defeating. He unearths no new evidence to suggest that Williams was innocent of even the last two murders. Baldwin never actually met Williams, so can only assess his character by watching him on television. His conclusion is that the man is simply too lazy to be a killer.

Elsewhere, Williams seems to be depicted as another victim of Western injustice. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg are tossed in at this point. The Western world is in fact the real villain and Baldwin is the prosecutor, drawing on the same Third Reich metaphors which have appeared in so many of his other books. The globe is divided into white and black and that is all there is to say about the matter. The United States pursues policies which are genocidal which means the lexicographers are going to have to find a new word to describe Hitler.

It is, of course, presumptuous to take issue with a man who has seen so much pain and bloodshed. His views are certainly sincere, but they're views which have wreaked havoc with a writer who was once renowned for his subtlety and breadth of vision. □

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Shorter reviews

Bloomsbury/Freud: The Letters of James and Alix Strachey 1924-25
ed. PERRY MEISEL & WALTER KENDRICK
Chatto £14.95
Forms of Feeling: The Heart of Psychotherapy
ROBERT F. HOBSON *Tavistock* £15 & £8.95

The first title couldn't be more direct: if you're not already hooked on Bloomsbury or the history of psychoanalysis, forget it. These letters, fully introduced and usefully footnoted, were among those exchanged by Freud's best known English translators while Alix Strachey was in Berlin being analysed by Karl Abraham and husband James pottering about in London, picking up gossip, reading proofs, going to meetings of the British Psycho-Analytic Society, bitching about Ernest Jones and reporting condescendingly on his two analysands, Enery and Winnie (the latter, in fact, D. W. Winnicott and more celebrated ultimately than his analyst). Alix wrote back about the boarding-house coffee, lectures, social contacts but — properly if frustratingly — not about the progress of her analysis.

There are pleasurably informal glances at the famous — Maynard Keynes being torn off a strip for interrupting an analytic session or Melanie Klein off to a ball 'elaborately got up as a kind of Cleopatra — terrifyingly decolletée — & covered in bangles & rouge'. But the couple's shared assumptions generate a smug and insular tone. Poor Dr Barkas of the Maudsley Hospital is roundly sneered at for wanting to use psychoanalytic ideas with psychotic patients. 'Queer about Barkas,' Alix replies '— what is this BLIGHT about improving the world? I'll guess: unanalysed narcissism . . .'

Anyone who wants to know how one person's practice of psychotherapy, derived — by way of Jung and others — from Freud's original founding insights, *can* help people with problems would be well advised to forget the Stracheys and start with the thoughts of Robert Hobson, Consultant Psychotherapist at the Manchester Royal Infirmary.

Descriptions of conversations with people, often in short-term psychotherapy, are at the heart of the book and round them the author spins reflections drawing on academic psychology, philosophy and literature. What emerges is the fascination of the whole complex process of listening and watching, concentrating and musing, feeling, responding, making mistakes, making discoveries, stumbling forward together.

I'm not sure how new Dr Hobson's model of 'conversational psychotherapy' actually is; it isn't easy to discern it clearly amid the discursiveness — undogmatic, wandering and circling, always coming back to encounters with people. It is itself a book to come back to, converse with. It ends with the dreadfully painful story of Sue for whom there was no salvation.

And last of all the author sums up his own book more accurately than I could: 'I have tried to spell out some technical skills of a Conversational Model of Psychotherapy. I have speculated about the philosophy of psychology of experience, language, symbol, thought, and vision. Above all, I have tried to tell my stories truly. But I have merely talked on and around the periphery of a mystery: the odd word "love".'

Gillian Wilce

FILMS

Bella vista

John Coleman

A Room With a View (PG)
Curzon, Mayfair
Heartbreakers (18)
ICA; Cannon, Tottenham Court Road; Electric Screen
D.A.R.Y.L. (PG)
Cannons, Panton Street and Tottenham Court Road
Fright Night (18)
Warner; Cannons, Haymarket and Oxford Street

WRITING IN 1958, half a century on, E. M. Forster admitted it was not his preferred novel — oddly enough, *The Longest Journey* was that — 'but it may fairly be called the nicest'. Reading it again recently and now having seen it quite marvellously translated to the screen by the one trio around capable of such a nuanced labour of love, I think **A Room With a View** may fairly be called much more: a thoroughly delightful comedy of Edwardian manners (and of the life-enhancing lack of them), witty, assured, barbed and yet benevolent, full of Forsterian changes rung on the English Abroad, the force of paganism, the necessity — at whatever cost to convention and class — to seize the day.

Young Lucy Honeychurch, chaperoned by her tiresome spinster cousin Charlotte Bartlett, is kissed in a field not far from Florence in 1907 by handsome, unsuitable George Emerson, a fellow-guest with his 'vulgar', free-thinking father at the Pensione Bertolini. Returned to mother and brother at Windy Corner in England, Lucy has finally accepted bookish, culturally snobbish Cecil Vyse as fiancé. A misguided joke of Cecil's finds those worrying Emersons taking a villa nearby; another snatched kiss and Lucy breaks off her engagement, proposing flight abroad once more with the elderly Misses Alan. With stumbling eloquence, old romantic Mr Emerson persuades her to a happy ending.

It may have been this fairy-tale felicity that bothered Forster about his 'Lucy novel', but in Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's finely turned screenplay it proves as swiftly successful as on the page. With Ismail Merchant conjuring perfect locations and actors out of a budget around $3 m. and James Ivory in total command of the shades of his text, this team of collaborators has surely never done us — or an author — more proud.

Several of the characters from the Florentine *pensione* recur on home ground, not least of them the amused, worldly clergyman Mr Beebe (Simon Callow), manfully splashing about starkers in a forest pool with Lucy's brother Freddy (Rupert Graves) and suddenly joyous George (Julian Sands), only to be spotted by a trio of ladies: a relished little scene.

Lucy (Helena Bonham Carter) studies the View from the Room

Jhabvala has, in fact, slightly sweetened this cheerful Beebe, whom Forster made rancorous when Lucy opts for George. Similarly, the magnificent, flustered and fussing Miss Bartlett of Maggie Smith is less beady than in the book, so that the lovers' belated realisation there that maybe some part of her all along was working to keep their love alive is taken for granted in the film. These adjustments are hardly blemishes. My only hesitation comes in the copious outpouring of music (Puccini, Richard Robbins's pleasant score), rather as if — Forster is *not* Lawrence — lyricism and even passion had, as it were, to be *kept up*. Some music, of course, is vital: it is Lucy's piano-playing that has Beebe prophetically observing, 'If Miss Honeychurch ever takes to live as she plays, it will be very exciting — both for us and for her.'

This mutinous, reined-in, muddled, affectionate and striking little Lucy is caught in her burgeoning variety by the highly attractive Helena Bonham Carter. George is more cipherish and Sands does wonders with his moody role; Denholm Elliott's bumblingly honest and pure Mr Emerson's an unpolished gem; and, as Lucy's warm-hearted mother and puppyish brother, Rosemary Leach and Mr Graves convey an unusually authentic sense of family, a family, moreover, beastly disconcerted by prissy Cecil's wincing reception of everything they do and have, down to the furniture. Daniel Day Lewis is the pompous Vyse, lost without his pince-nez and quotes, and I shall now cease to be amazed at this actor's incredible versatility: he is extraordinary. The heart of the occasion, so triumphantly transferred from between covers to out up there, is in the right place and the right hands: that all the culture in the world is

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futile unless irrigated by feeling.

Which leads us almost too neatly into the arrogant and adolescent chic of Bobby Roth's **Heartbreakers**, a 'buddy movie' as Roth, also its writer, explained to Gerard Gilbert in a *Guardian* interview I am grateful for. In LA's Bohemia, painter Arthur Blue (Peter Coyote, whose taken-for-granted charm escapes me) is left for another, more successful dauber by his five-year-live-in girlfriend. Never mind, Blue has rag-trade ol' pal Eli (agreeable Nick Mancuso) with whom to play squash, talk naively about relationships and share an erotic interlude with Blue's huge-bosomed S-M model Candy (Carol Wayne, who deserves — poor woman — all the credit that's going for importing a spark of pathos into this arid event). Blue's bondage canvases achieve a sell-out vernissage at a smart gallery, on the floor of which he afterwards fucks Eli's current love, the startlingly wilful and French beauty Liliane (Carole Laure). He 'fesses to Eli, tearfully, and the camera wings up to leave them, companionable, on a public bench. I *hate* buddy movies, from rough-male-kiss-of-fists Westerns down to this 'arty' crud, masquerading as a sensitive exploration of two strictly bite-size souls.

D.A.R.Y.L., about a ten-year-old android genius, amnesiac and adopted by an unknowing All-American couple, is remarkable chiefly for the unfavourable showing made by US military top brass. **Fright Night**, a modern vampire horror-show, picks up a couple of good marks by tempering the emetic with the erotic, notably in the unlikely context of a disco. Tom Holland wrote and directed this first creature-feature. □

TELEVISION

These chains

Hugo Williams

IF ONLY OUR TV was as bad as the French we might have a better chance in the nightly struggle to throttle the pukey and reclaim our evenings from that strangely neurotic lethargy it induces: Horlicks and nail-biting. The first thing we should do is buy **Cherchez La Femme** and fling it at ourselves in tiny, chopped-up sections intercut with callous mini-tragedies about nappies and floppy discs, the way ITV is so good at doing. The French got this little gem from the Italians and it is rampant with swish-butt latin mysogyny and fear, the idea being to bribe women into making monkeys of themselves in public: good clean fun!

The show is hosted from Milan by S-M disco super-star Amanda Lear, late of London and Los Angeles, and the author of a memoir of her mentor Salvador Dali. Lear is Joan Rivers with looks and she towers physically, morally and intellectually over the squalor scattered round her feet, including her French male co-host, whom she stubs out periodically, like a cigarette, while smiling broadly at nobody, least of all her French peak-viewing audiences.

First into the pit tonight are two contestants for the ironical title of 'Femme d'Action', the most successfully humiliated on the clapometer to receive a symbolic chain from Cartier. Gabrielle knows a little Greek, so could she demystify the Greek myths in five seconds, please? After relating the story that proves women have ten times more pleasure in bed than men (deeply reassuring, that old myth) Gaby goes into real action on candid camera, laughing into men's faces in the street. She seems to want the chain so badly she laughs like a hyena at them, until they think she is 'complètement malade' or there is something wrong with their face. (There is.) One roly-poly fetishist excuses his little sailor hat with a wonderful Gallic non sequitur: 'Je suis Breton.' The gratuitous inter-sexual hatred is almost palpable, a smell of burning bed-clothes.

When it is Miriam's turn to compete for the title 'Femme d'Action' she decides to serve men with empty coffee cups. One man angrily shows his empty cup to the whole café. A row ensues. Votes for Miriam, 53; for Gaby, 42. Femme d'Action Miriam breaks down and cries as she is chained with gold.

After a rushed beauty contest, easily won by a model, Marie and Chantal are supposed to argue about make-up for men. 'Je préfère les hommes viriles,' goes Chantal, rounding up her entire public's macho-centric views on the subject. 'Je crois que le maquillage est pour la douceur et la femininité.' Bravo, Chantal! Exactement. She wins easily and is quickly chained up. Next, a masochist on rollerskates, another with giant teeth and a third wearing operetta costume compete for claps à la *Opportunity Knocks*. Jokes about giant teeth win the chain for Denise who exposes her own in ecstasy. Now, a male go-go in see-thru posing-kit bursts on the scene to mime his hit 'I wanna be a bad boy, I wanna play with my toy' which he can't pronounce or understand, luckily.

I assume a pleasant evening was being had by most people as far away from this slapstick session as possible, but unfortunately the French advertisers have got wind of their absence and are taking the show off in favour of some more knowing form of puerility. Perhaps it is going cheap? I know Miss Lear speaks English as well as French and Italian, so perhaps there is a hope.

Slightly more elegant than this piece of vintage woman-baiting was a programme on British TV, **Chanel and Her World** (C4), but what tortuous commercial expediency designated this historical document for children's hour, I wonder? Most people will think of Chanel as the inventor of those rather drab little suits with lots of buttons and braid and gold chains, the successful working woman's reaction to Dior's beautiful, tight-waisted New Look, but she was 71 when she launched this line, with a career going back, believe it or not, to the Belle Epoque. In those days women's clothes were no more than a visible reflection of their husband's wealth: heavy skirts, whale-bones, tight shoes and absurd high-feathered hats. 'How could a brain function under a thing like that?' asked Chanel in a latterday interview. A lover set her up with a shop in Deauville to cater for the new ocean-swimming craze, 'but 1914 was still 1900 and 1900 was still Second Empire.' Following the rule that fashion always moves from outdoors to in, Chanel introduced sports fashions for the first time, loose simple things that reflected the new independence of women brought on by the war: 'An opportunity presented itself and I took it.'

Her new shop in Paris was not revolutionary. 'Many of the things Patou invented people think Chanel did,' said Karl Lagerfield, who took over her empire in the Seventies. 'Chanel was a fashion plate. Her ability to set her own style was what set her apart.' Chanel herself did not demur on this: 'It was me who changed, not fashion. I *was* la

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mode. One intuits it from the sky and from the macadam and from events.' Post-punk fans of hers interviewed for the *Sunday Times* in the modish Café Costes in Paris seemed to bear this out.

A friend of the inevitable Stravinsky, Diaghilev and Cocteau, Chanel was no feminist or socialist — 'Bluestockings are of no interest to me commercially' — but she did believe that fashion should be seen and worn on the street, jewellery devalued by cheap imitation. 'Poverty-de-luxe', her rival Paul Poiret called it. 'Little under-developed telephone clerks.' In 1936 Chanel refused to bow to a strike by her staff and three years later closed the operation down: 'This is no time for fashion.' She lived in the Ritz for the duration of the war and had an affair with the usual 'high-ranking German officer' for which she exiled herself to Switzerland until that famous come-back in the Fifties. To anyone less than bowled over by Coco's bum-freezers, she would seem to have been a better aphorist than couturier: 'Happiness is what you sometimes find when you pursue something else'; 'Too much luxury kills luxury'; 'He who does not enjoy his own company is usually right.' □

THEATRE

Go to the devil

Benedict Nightingale

Mephisto
ARIANE MNOUCHKINE *Barbican*
The Candlemaker
GIORDANO BRUNO *Pit*

LIKE ISTVAN SZABO'S screen version of the same novel, Ariane Mnouchkine's staging of Klaus Mann's **Mephisto** has its faults and flaws, its clumsiness, long-windedness and occasional ponderosity; but it too leaves you feeling you've been profitably plunged into one of the key parables of our time. How much more soul than the fictional actor Hendrik Höfgen would most of us display, given a crisis capable of making or breaking us in all the important material ways, a crisis that didn't just sensationally appear but stalked us surreptitiously, revealing its full awfulness only after we had, almost without realising it, allowed ourselves to be morally destroyed by it?

Hendrik Höfgen, like his prototype Gustaf Gründgens, scores his greatest success as Mephisto in Goethe's *Faust*, but has rather more in common with the title-character himself. At first he seems all principle and conscience, at times almost too zealously so. When news comes through of the failure of Hitler's *putsch* of 1923, he stops a curtain call exultantly to inform the audience that 'the rats have fled'. He humiliates a Nazi actor in front of the rest of the cast, then browbeats the director of the Hamburg Theatre into firing him, contemptuously dismissing the old man's scruples as typical social-democratic vacillation. He can persuade his fellow-communists, or at least the more sincere of them, that he means it when he says he's moving to Berlin because it's a better place to continue 'the struggle'. Maybe he can even convince himself it's not just a tempting step up the professional ladder.

Because that of course is what it is. Up and up clambers Höfgen, while his one-time political and personal chums are forced into exile or even tortured and killed by the rampaging Nazis. Inevitably, he turns to rationalisation for a blindfold, a way of preventing his internal eye from inspecting himself too deeply. He can work for good within the system, maybe more effectively than the 'deserters' who attack it from safety abroad. If he refuses the proffered post of overlord of the Prussian theatre, someone else will only take it. The script hardly needs to tell us, as it finally does, that there's nothing left for Höfgen to do but go into mourning for himself: the wan, insipid smile on Alan Rickman's face at his moment of maximum glory — a vast swastika behind him, an ecstatically enthusiastic audience in front, a congratulatory telegram from the Führer himself read out stage-left — makes it amply apparent that the character knows he's three-quarters dead. 'I'm only an actor,' he privately pleads, and no longer believes his own excuse.

It's a melancholy moment, but not perhaps as chilling at the Barbican as it could and should be. Rickman's Höfgen has a kind of grumpy charisma, but lacks electricity, power, that ravenous if unacknowledged hunger for fame which explains his compromises and perhaps makes him Faustian. In his perfectly justifiable anxiety to emphasise what's ordinary and average in the character — how else can he encourage us to see something of ourselves there? — he's succeeded in making him flatter, duller and emotionally more puny than an actor of his supposed capacities could possibly be. Nor is that the only problem with Mnouchkine's script and Adrian Noble's production, seeking as they do to give us the historical facts and the feel of those facts, as well as tell the tale of an exemplary trimmer. We move from theatre to restaurant to political cabaret to drawing-room to bridge over the Hamburg railway tracks, sometimes to the accompaniment of Weill-like music from the little orchestra at the back of the stage; but the resulting mix is neither hauntingly atmospheric nor always particularly lucid.

Yet the evening still holds the attention and something more intimate than the attention, suggesting (as it does) that while an honest and idealistic anti-Nazi is obviously to be preferred to an honest and idealistic Nazi, an honest and idealistic Nazi is rather less contemptible than a type surely as common now as in the 1930s. Better in some ways the young actor whom Höfgen attempts to ruin, with his callow faith in the power of National Socialism to bring pride and justice to a corrupt and decrepit Germany, than Höfgen himself or Höfgen's moral descendants. Watching him in action, I was reminded of what the grim, forbidding Marxist at the centre of Trevor Griffiths's *Party* said of the armchair revolutionaries all around him: of their failure to sever themselves 'from the prior claims on your time and commitment of career, advancement, reputation and prestige'; of their refusal so much as to imagine 'a life without the approval of your peers, a life without *success*'; of the inevitability of their 'taking up their positions at the centres of ruling-class power and privilege'. Clearly Höfgen's fibs and self-deceptions and accommodations are more extreme than any one can visualise in a society not run (or not yet run) by the likes of Hitler, Goering and Goebbels — but are they so very different in kind?

No need, I fear, to do more than note the parallel opening in the RSC's new season. Giordano Bruno (the thinking behind the presentation of **The Candlemaker** would seem to be) was such an extraordinary man, his one surviving play must be extraordinary too. How could a philosopher actually burnt for his beliefs, as he was in 1600, not display on the stage what the programme calls 'an almost frantic detestation of hypocrisy and quackery in morals as in learning'? Alas, the piece itself isn't much more than a series of retributory tricks played by distinctly amoral rogues on a series of stock buffoons: the lecher, the pedant, the miser. Is it a 'frantic' denunciation of quackery in education to show Ian Talbot's self-satisfied Latin teacher getting his trousers yanked down and being spanked on the bare bum? It comes across more as a case of one scholar slagging off another for the amusement of the groundlings. □

ART

Return of Eros

John Spurling

Alfred Gilbert
RA
Impressionist Drawings
Ashmolean, Oxford, until 20 April, then Manchester and Glasgow

BEFORE THE AGE of Epstein, Moore, Caro and Sandle, **Alfred Gilbert** might fairly have claimed to be Britain's most brilliant and ambitious sculptor. He didn't underrate himself. His earliest mature works — the series of Renaissance-style bronzes made between 1881 and 1892 — not only made overt bids for the mantles of Cellini, Donatello and Giambologna, but were intended to symbolise the autobiography of a genius. 'Perseus Arming' shows the hero, naked but for his winged helmet and one ankle-wing, 'looking to his equipment'; 'Icarus' shows the hero ready for flight; 'Comedy and Tragedy' is an allegory of the hero's public success and private difficulties.

It is all reminiscent of the way Gilbert's near-contemporary Richard Strauss made musical epics out of his own heroic sense of himself as an artist. But whereas Strauss prospered and became something of a fat cat, Gilbert cast himself only too accurately as Icarus. He soared briefly — obtaining many commissions, including that for the

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monument to Queen Victoria's senior grandson, Prince Eddy, Duke of Clarence — and fell disastrously, unable to complete what had been paid for or to pay for his overweening new house in Maida Vale. In 1901 he went bankrupt and shortly afterwards left for a long exile in Bruges.

Even 'Eros' contributed to his disaster. The Government had promised him gun-metal to make it, but, failing to keep its promise, left Gilbert himself to find the extra £4,000 needed for copper. 'Eros' is not only habitually mispronounced (the Greek word for love having a short 'e' and a long 'o'), it is also wrongly named. Gilbert was depicting the Greek god Anteros, meaning selfless love, partly because this was another piece of autobiography — his own artistic nature divided between egotism and selflessness — and partly because it was a memorial to the philanthropist Lord Shaftesbury. The elegant aluminium figure of Anteros is the only part of the monument which came out as Gilbert wanted it, since the elaborate base, with its basin and fountains, was bedevilled and distorted by committees, local regulations and technical problems.

The Royal Academy's relationship with this wax-winged high-flier was as tricky as everyone else's. He was elected an RA in 1892 and, in 1908, after complaints from dissatisfied clients, almost became the second artist in the RA's history to be expelled. He resigned just in time. Twenty-four years later, after his return to England and completion of the monument to Prince Eddy, he was reinstated.

This comprehensive exhibition, with its thorough and well-illustrated catalogue (Weidenfeld, £8.90) by Richard Dorment, is timed to coincide with the restoration and re-siting of 'Eros' and would have made full posthumous amends to the RA's black sheep, if it were not for somebody's unfortunate decision to drape the windows in black chiffon and treat Gilbert as if he were primarily a funeral artist.

True, there is something sickly and overblown about his work. The piled-up detail, the fear of a bare surface or a straight line, the constant inclusion of feathers and wings, the Watts- and Burne-Jones-inspired mediaevalism all proclaim him a *fin de siècle* decadent more than a precursor of the new age of primitivism and machinery. But there is also something stronger: a feeling, amounting almost to a passion, for the young body. His symbolically autobiographical males are not versions of his own body, which was short and broad, but based — like his sturdy female adolescent of the same period, 'An Offering to Hymen' — on professional models. But whether clothed or not — the saints surrounding Prince Eddy's tomb are wrapped to the eyebrows in exotic armour or hoods and cloaks — whether potentially active (the males) or calmly passive (the females), all his figures have the same sensuous physicality. Even the effigy of the lethargic Prince Eddy himself — his tomb is represented in this show by the plaster model which was rediscovered recently in a Sandringham out-house — is flung down dramatically over his spread cloak, so as to suggest an energy he never possessed in life.

Death formed no part of Gilbert's programme, except in so far as the deaths of others contributed to his renown as a memorial sculptor. The erotic certainly did — it was one of the springs of his talent and power. Unfortunately his career was blighted before he had time to do much more than fly in and stretch his bow.

The exhibition of **Impressionist Drawings** at Oxford, assembled entirely from British collections, is intended 'to pose fundamental questions about the function of drawing within Impressionism'. It is not a very large show and, with that intention, reinforced by its quietly serious catalogue (Phaidon and Arts Council, £8.95), is clearly aimed more at scholars than your average art-loving yobbo. Still, it is full of easy pleasures and does establish the importance of drawing to the Impressionists, who always included drawings in their own exhibitions. There is a watercolour of *'Le Dejeuner sur l'herbe'*, several characteristic Pissarro countrysides; a superb Degas portait; a tiny Monet seascape; an early Seurat nude from his student days, and two studies for *'La Grande-Jatte'*, in one of which the place, later to become so overcrowded, is virtually empty but for a dog; and a pastel 'Head of a Woman' by Renoir which is so on fire with sexual invitation that you would have to be a real scholar to think about it as just a drawing. □

MUSIC

Past the post

Jon Savage

Our pop music columnist exposes himself with an idiosyncratic Top Ten

AN OLD FORMAT, but a convenient way in which to discuss music. Pop songs are now, at their best, sophisticated post-modern amalgams of time and space: these choices reflect that.

1) Fats Comet's 'Bop Bop' (Rough Trade, 1986)

An Anglo/American mix of Adrian Sherwood — inspired dub producer — and Doug Wimbish/Keith LeBlanc — the musicians who supplied the rhythm tracks for agit-rap classics like Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message' and the Malcolm X cut-up, 'No Sell Out' — Fats Comet specialise in inspired disjunctions. 'Bop Bop' sets up the tautest hip-hop beat possible against a melody/vocal line straight from its square root, early 50s Doo Wop. It poses an interesting formal question: are the slim, almost antique fragments of scat singing swamped by the usual electronic maelstrom? In fact, they last long after the storm has passed, a sweet aftertaste of bitter memory.

2) Jean Ritchie's 'Nottamun Town' and 'Sister Pheobe' from *O Love Is Teasin'* (Elektra, three-album set, 1986)

This compilation of Appalachian folk songs — recorded in the early 50s and brilliantly put

Old Bottles, New Wine
RAY ANDERSON *Enja* 4098
In the beginning trombonists used to rasp, gliss and gurgle. But Miff Mole, in the 1920s, and J. J. Johnson, a quarter-of-a-century later, took technique to the other extreme, stressing agility, seeming to disdain emotional clout. Things have changed during the last couple of decades, with the sturdy values — the bluster of Higginbotham, the quirkiness of Dickie Wells — being reasserted. Ray Anderson belongs to this new tribe, as speedy as anybody with his lips and slide yet adept too at conjuring up the Bosch-like bizarreries for which Nanton and Ory were renowned. Backed up here by Kenny Barron (piano), Cecil McBee (bass) and Danny Richmond (drums), a strong team, he offers audacious, occasionally moving interpretations of such familiar themes as 'In A Mellotone' or Dizzy Gillespie's 'Ow!'.

Tijana Moods
CHARLIE MINGUS *RCA* NL 89593
Visiting the Mexican tourist-trap in 1957 inspired the wildest of the sexual fantasies conjured up in Mingus's autobiography, *Beneath The Underdog*. A more substantial result was the music on this LP, a peppery blend of bebop-flavoured tunes and Latin-American rhythms, but with Mingus's swirling personality imposed upon them. He led, as always, from behind the double bass and the musicians included such Mingus stalwarts as trombonist Jimmy Knepper, drummer Danny Richmond and — a finer trumpeter than many more renowned players — Clarence Shaw. This was a moment when Mingus's composing was starting to accommodate the looseness of collective improvisation. In 1962 he described it as 'the best record I ever made'. A quarter of a century later it remains one of Mingus's classic LPs.

Na Pali Coast
PETER SPRAGUE *Concord* CJ-277
The earliest jazz musician to specialise on the flute was really Wayman Carver, back in the 1930s. The 1950s saw the flute make inroads, aided by the virtual disappearance of the clarinet from modern jazz. Outstanding among present-day virtuosi is Steve Kujala, normally with Chick Corea's group but here joining forces with the San Diego guitarist, Peter Sprague. Half the LP has Sprague playing acoustic guitar, the other half — supposedly, if ambiguously, influenced by John Coltrane — using electric guitar. Music ranges from the exhilarating treatment of the Rodgers-and-Hart song 'I Could Write A Book' to Sprague's composition 'Magic Mizz Melissa'.

Charles Fox

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together by Lenny Kaye (also responsible for the 1972 collection of Punk Rock, *Nuggets*) — makes it obvious that the Anglo/American musical trade-off predates Rock 'n' Roll by a good 200 years. Ritchie's crystal clear versions of traditional English folk songs add a peculiar otherworldliness — and a dulcimer drone that was taken up by mid-Sixties American folk-rockers.

3) The Byrds' 'The Bells Of Rhymney' from *Mr Tambourine Man* (CBS, 1965)

The most gorgeous of all early Byrdsongs. America's 'answer to the Beatles', in fact they'd learnt their pop/folk lessons well. Here three drones crisscross each other in a kind of perpetual motion, a permanent present. Pete Seeger's tale about a Welsh mining disaster has an added poignancy after the events of 1984/5; in admitting their own vulnerability — the cymbal-heavy drumming, the cracked harmonies at the song's end — the Byrds provide a hymn to humanity.

4) Captain Beefheart's 'When It Blows Its Stacks' from *The Spotlight Kid* (WEA, 1971)

A chance remark sent me back to this one: surreal smut from the best shaggy-dog story teller in the business. Beefheart's disjuncted fables rarely date and this one has the advantage of a fabulous punchline.

5) A Certain Ratio's 'The Thin Boys' from *The Old & The New* (Factory, 1986)

There's nothing about this compilation of sharp, intelligent British funk that isn't a pleasure. A Certain Ration were one of the first to take up the cerebral possibilities of Black Dance music in the late 70s: my favourite here is the conceit of 'Thin Boys' — fantasies of the wild surf from the middle of Hulme.

6) Front 242's 'Don't Crash' (Operation Afterglow, 1986)

This Belgian group, developing in isolation, have retained the sense of menace and willingness to experiment that marked the heyday of British funk in 1982.

7) The Associates' 'Straw Towels' (Situation 2, 1981)

More than any other, the Associates caught the vertiginous pleasure in the post-punk rediscovery of black dance music. Their best from this period is collected on the extraordinary *Fourth Drawer Down* but this song without words, an ode to dread, somehow slipped past.

8) Vikki Love's 'Sing Dance Rap Romance' (4th & Broadway US, 1985)

After 1984's 'Loveride' — possibly the most luscious black dance record ever — producer Ron Dean Miller has refined his sweet, hip-hop sound to the point of abstraction, making it clear how much contemporary black dance music has absorbed from post-punk cerebrality.

9) The Gap Band's 'Love Triangle' from *Krush Groove* (Warner Brothers, 1986)

Purists have scoffed at this film soundtrack's poppiness, but that's the reason I like it. This throwaway — in all its breathless splendour — shows just how much influence both Prince and hip-hop have had.

10) Cameo's 'Goodbye' (Club, 1986)

A convert after the astonishing nerve of the recent hit, 'Single Life', I'm stunned by the way this funk ballad mixes vulnerability and aggression all in the same phrase. □

Radio inactive

Naseem Khan

PONCEY VOICES, usually male; pundits droning on as if they were at their own dinner parties: arts reviewers and art programmes on radio were given a brisk duffing-up in a useful recent conference, 'What Price Radio and the Arts?', by its chair, Sarah Dunant.

How does radio deal with the arts? Not too well was, with some exceptions, the response from the broadcasters, programmers and critics gathered together by Bristol's Radio Academy for a day of self-examination. And whose fault was it? The philistinism of the times, said critic Jim Hiley; the structure of the stations, added others. Ghettoed into little boxes that can then be derided as ivory towers, the arts (where have we heard this before?) are at the bottom of the status heap. Their position — a particularly bitter complaint from those involved with Independent Local Radio or I(L)R — is at risk. Radio Clyde, praised for its drama content, had apparently not broadcast a play for the past six months. Capital Radio had dispensed with its own promising drama section and its director, Anthony Cornish. And at LBC, said its arts correspondent Sue Jamison, constant battle goes on to get arts items accepted as part of mainstream news.

Why on earth, asked members of the audience as complaints multiplied, didn't the IBA monitor the way in which stations fulfilled that section of their franchise? 'Absenteeism and ignorance', that was their stance, said one angry critic. Answer, from the IBA, came there none.

The debate over the arts in I(L)R was just one of many themes to emerge in a day that swept from Drama ('Mainstream or Backwater?') to Music ('Serious Music: the Role of the Patron'), with a few perhaps inadequate punches at arts programmes (What Are They For?) on the way.

Complaint wasn't the sole order of the day. Richard Imison, BBC Radio Drama's Script Editor — a bluff, bullet-headed man — went into the ring fists flailing. A backwater? he exploded. Three hundred and sixty-five million bums on seats a year a backwater?? On the contrary, he said, radio drama was 'the only truly national theatre in this country': over 500 plays a year, 70 to 80 of them by new writers; listener figures going up to 750,000 a time, enough to fill the little Soho Poly Theatre for 75 years; plays that ranged from classical to avant-garde. And yet debates can still go on, he fumed, about the backwater nature of radio drama. What do they have to do, he implied, to get their rightful due? Murder?

One response might be to wonder why they should care. If they are doing so nicely, public acclaim is surely an optional extra. But these are uncertain times and the cutting axe gleams under the bed. Marghanita Laski, who opened the conference with a list of her dislikes (among which was radio drama with its 'clichéfied stereotyped voices') might not be a lone voice.

The axe isn't the only fear on broadcasters' minds. Razors that shave things to uniform blandness are very nearly as bad. Capital Radio disposed of its Artbeat, even though listening figures doubled. Other local radio stations have adopted the three-minute rule: based on the theoretical limit of human concentration. Others (or the same) have adopted sequence programming — magaziney chunks like Early Morning Broadcasting aimed at particular time-based rather than interest-based audiences: a recipe for superficiality in the arts at best, absence at worst.

Indeed, it began, as the day wore on, to seem as if arts programmes had innocently walked up a cul-de-sac. On the one hand there's the wholly admirable view that arts coverage should move out of Radio 3-type enclaves. On the other, there's the short shrift that they get in the popular stations where 'the tyranny of profit' (as great, said Dunant incisively, as the tyranny of balance) holds sway.

If life is hard in the independents, there's still a lot to be done, it appeared, to make life livable in the mainstream. Imison's radio drama wins races few people acknowledge exist. John Drummond's province of music (of which he recently became BBC Controller) has its own cupboards to clear. 'A slightly less hermetic tone of voice,' Drummond agreed, was needed for Radio 3. ('We haven't found a way to have a dialogue with a serious audience. We sit there,' he snorted '*reading* at them all the time!')

He deplored the fact that less mainstream forms of music, including those that do not fit into the 'made music' tradition, depend on the goodwill of individual producers rather than having a place by rights in the system. A greater tie-up should take place, he recommended, between television and radio, and a serious look should be taken at the connection between radio and education.

Drummond's support of broadening music coverage could be extended to other areas of radio arts. It is not the tone — poncey or otherwise — that is the first concern, but that hoary old problem, how do you define the arts? The City University's John Pick at yet another conference (this time on Leisure, the Arts and the Community) looked back to a time when the arts meant solely 'the skills of living': any creative activity, from needlework to horsemanship to fine arts, in which people took pleasure. While limits obviously have to be set, those commonly chosen by radio have frequently failed to reflect the expansion in the arts outside their gates.

The field is wide open for a programme (or programmes) that can take on the broader mass of contradictory and vital arts initiatives that touch people's lives today and provide 'the skills of living'. Come in, community radio, come in cable. The time is surely up. □

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Coming out for joblessness

Steve Lewis

WHEN YOU'RE on the dole there's a lot of pressure on you to be miserable. It comes from people who talk about 'the misery of unemployment' in the media; it comes from people who talk about the *inevitable* alienating effects of lack of status leading to loss of identity, leading to withdrawal from society, leading to . . . The attitude of neighbours and acquaintances reinforces the effect of mass 'dolophobia'.

To suggest, against all this, that being on the dole might have its advantages is going some; to go as far as to say you enjoy it is comparable to being a gay coming out in the Seventies. Will I be one of the first then, in these mid-Eighties, to come out, to say I actively enjoy being jobless? It looks like it.

I know about jobs mind. I did six years of it, full time. It was a bind. I know most people dislike the work they do to say the least. I know they would rather be elsewhere when they're there and cling to weekends, holidays, retirement and the pools. It's money versus time. When you're in a full-time job money has the upper hand; on the dole it's time: time to take up new interests, develop long-standing ones, time to re-discover what living can be when you're not working, resting from work or getting ready for it again.

Time is freedom, money is bondage — that's the point and that's what so many are afraid of. The freedom to take charge of their own time, to structure their own lives from scratch, rather than fitting into someone else's shifts, is what so many people cannot face. You wake up in the morning and even the decision to get out of bed is up to you. Up to you in the sense that there's no pressure either way. It's not as though you have to get up or be late for work nor that you can lie in only because it's a weekend or holiday. As the *Statesman*'s very own Slump will testify, I'm sure, it can take sterling qualities just to get past that bit. You have to create your own sense of purpose and, from it, an entirely new set of priorities.

What does all this fine talk amount to, day to day? Well, since I've been signing on, I've at last begun to study music seriously, I've written a novel (unsnapped-up), several articles (snapped-up) and developed a closer relationship with my daughter than most working fathers I know.

All very well if you're that way inclined perhaps, but there really is no end to the possibilities. One friend of mine has spent time on his allotment investigating organic gardening, a concept he only ever had the energy to toy with previously. Another mate, redundant at 45, took an A-level and got into university. He's studying the history of the place he's lived in and loved all his life in a way that is infinitely more rewarding than the random readings he had time for when he spent all day printing wallpaper.

It's not that I think everyone should live like this nor do I offer it as the ultimate cure-all. I recognise that most people just haven't got it in them to invent their own reasons for getting up in the morning. That's why I don't compete with them in the job market. It wouldn't be fair. But if, as the unspoken consensus seems to imply, full employment is a pipedream and we will always now have a rump of at least a million permanently unemployed people, it makes sense for society to seek out those of us content to forego the accumulating pleasures of consumerism and give us due recognition.

That's all I ask, that I and my ilk be recognised for what we are: not parasites but farsighted pioneers. And with that recognition, some reward, for even typing paper costs money, beyond the meagre fare Fowler's scrupulously near-sighted White Paper has in mind. We are, after all, the Darbys (*viz,* coke-smelting) and Cromptons (*viz.* spinning mule) of our time. Society stands to reap the rewards of our valuable R&D — a contented jobless lot.

Weekend competition

No 2919 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Les Dawson observed recently that he regretted he wasn't a university don. You are asked to provide up to 100 words from an academic lecture by Les, Tony Hancock, Groucho Marx or some other comedian-turned-don by 24 April.

No 2916 **Set by George Cowley**

Stories of fewer than 67 words.

Report **By Rosie Hughes**

I'm glad, lambkins, that spring has perked you up so. Life . . . letters . . . it was all here: delicate haiku-like observations, mini-myth, political parable, space odyssey, detection, condensed carnage, twisty tales, kiddilit . . . I ruled out all the abridgements of real novels, but I still had far too many goodies to choose from so, sadly, I can offer most of you only warm congratulations — and *particularly* to all the newcomers — and five pounds for each story printed.

'Sit down,' said the Colonel, 'I want you to find my daughter.' 'What have I got to go on?' 'She's got blonde hair, green eyes and answers to the name of Alice.' I got back late that night and found a stranger in my bed. 'Hi,' she said. 'I'm Alice.'

MARTIN GREEN

Translation

Standing at the bus-stop, she thought he said 'Has the number 2 gone?', so she said, 'Yes'. She was surprised at what followed, but her first week at the EFL school had introduced her to English eccentricity and, when it became clear that their wedding was being arranged, it seemed churlish to disabuse him.

She got to know him quite well afterwards.

CYNTHIA HALL

Happy birthday

I lay in bed feeling ill from a belly full of beer and chips remembering that afternoon's resignation as her lips trotted out those clichés in the kitchen with Stevie Wonder on the radio. And how, leaving alone, 'she loves me, she loves me not' went through my head as my feet missed the cracks in the paving stones and I felt a little sad.

DAVID HILL

Nothing corrupts more than the enthusiasm of a new convert to righteousness

A Very Good Woman, who followed the True Path, married a Very Bad Man . . . Eventually, he, too, trod the True Path, which so delighted the Good Woman that one night she confessed that she had married merely to reform him. Whereupon, being now a Stupendously Good Man, he sanctimoniously strangled her — for her duplicity.

PASCOE POLGLAZE

Wayne was big in oil. He was screwing Ellie-Jane. That was OK — she was his wife. Ellie-Jane was screwing her own brother Duane. But Duane was screwing Shane, Wayne's son by a previous marriage. Wayne found out and shot Duane. Shane went beserk, shot Wayne and married Ellie-Jane.

PETER NORMAN

Alpha and omega

Sorry, said God, my mistake.

KATE BASS

Let's talk it over

Darling . . .?
Yes?
Oh never mind.
But . . .
For God's sake, don't keep on at me.

TOM DONNELLY

Changing the pumpkin into a coach had taken some doing. Not to mention the rats. But, at last, the spell worked. 'Now, Cinderella,' said the Fairy Godmother, thankfully, 'you can go to the ball like your sisters.' Cinderella shook her head. 'Thanks all the same, but Wogan's on tonight.'

MORRIS CLARKE

It was not easy when the sun shone. The little bar was full of sweat and memories. Adobe Pete flapped a cloth over the glasses. The flies buzzed. The sun thrust its heat through the window. Joe reached for his hat and stood up. 'You go now?' asked Adobe Pete. Joe nodded and left. Adobe Pete sighed and cleared the table.

LISSA EVANS

Tiku had never believed in the Big Bird. The notion of white men bearing gifts seemed too easy. So he was glad he had kept silent when he saw it approaching. The legend had spoken of wings and a tail, but the reality had a whirring disc like a humming-bird's trace above a fish-like body. Then the yellow mist came.

NOEL PETTY

Once upon a time they lived happily. Ever after, not.

ALISON PRINCE

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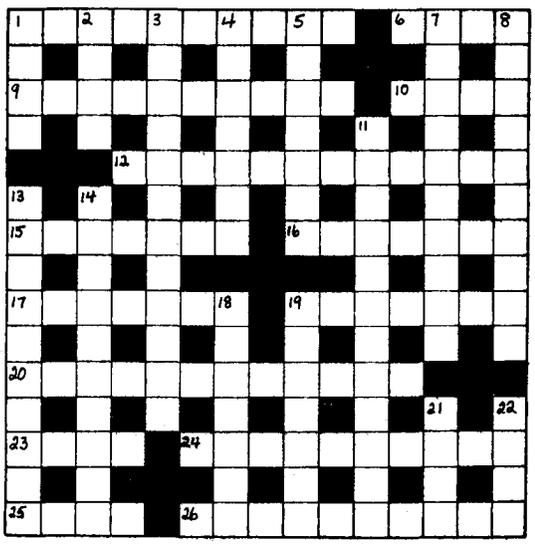
Weekend Crossword 1514

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1514, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 22 April.



Name_____

Address_____

_____

ACROSS

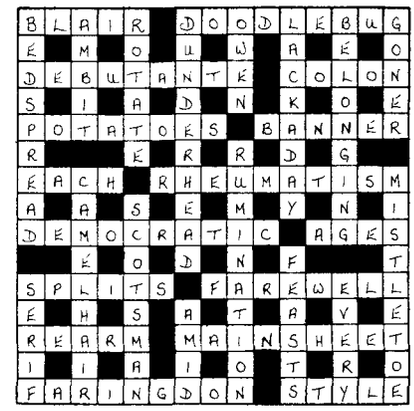
1. Daily to follow for sport (10)
6. I play the part of a novice although people adore me (4)
9. Authority is for the present enclosing a road (10)
10. Backward girls become dissolute women (4)
12. Wrongly explain the time printers are wrong (12)
15. Wood appears in once ruined city (7)
16. Find fresh accommodation by putting a woman back beside the river (7)
17. Smoking in Greek translation (7)
19. Wine for French girl given by doctors (7)
20. Country enclosure for a London headquarters (8, 4)
23. Creatures among those left stranded on the beach (4)
24. Expel people before starting to try their conduct (10)
25. Go in large numbers for return engagement (4)
26. Dominating influence when the canes are smashed up before the manufacture of candy (10)

DOWN

1. A foot with such protection will account for muggers (4)
2. Question a young creature about a Frenchman (4)
3. Repeated name of book for athletics championship? (12)
4. An ancient man holds it in front of a bird (7)
5. The observer makes a point on cue (7)
7. So our dolly is contorted with grief (10)
8. Device for photography found in a boat (10)
11. Drat the score! It has to be rearranged for the players? (12)
13. After twenty a man enters a group for the record (10)
14. Squander the drink and fly (10)
18. Ones who put a stop to gravity in matters of sex? (7)
19. My foreign gentleman carries a sign of spring (7)
21. Eager to wail (4)
22. Nautical guy (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1512



Prizewinner to 1512

Robert Jenkins
(Bradford)

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UNITY THEATRE TRUST
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on Monday 14 April at 7p.m.
Venue: **Theatro Technis, 26 Crowndale Road, London NW1.** Old members & friends welcome
Tube: **Mornington Crescent Stn,** Buses **46 & 214.**

MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The Cassal Lecture 1986 entitled: 'Bibliographie Matérielle et Histoire Intellectuelle: Les Débuts de la Réforme Française' will be given by Professor F. M. Higman, MA, BLitt (Nottingham University), Professor of French and author of several studies on the role of the printed book in the French Reformation, on Tuesday, 29 April 1986 in the Lecture Theatre, Third Basement, Strand Building (3B20) at King's College London, Strand, London WC2R 2LS at 5.30 pm. Admission free, without ticket. N15.4

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Informal short talk & questions. 'Synthesis of Occult Science' 8 p.m. 13 April. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL. N15.13

GROUPS

LARGE, ELEGANT, Cushioned Room, Hampstead Heath, available for therapy groups, societies, gatherings. Tel. 01-794 7587. N15.8

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Please call **Nan Millard, 01-628 0626** for details and application form. Closing date: **18 April, 1986.**

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EDITOR'S ASSISTANT (part time) required for journal of international political organisation with small secretariat in London. He/She will assist editor with background research and promotional activities, sub-editing, proof reading, general administration, some writing. Applicants should have some journalistic/advertising experience. Typing essential. Languages, particularly Spanish, an advantage. Salary: c. £10,000 p.a. pro rata, approximately 17 hours per week. Applications in writing to: Box (15) 2745 New Statesman. N15.3

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Applicants for the post will preferably have had experience in the Labour movement, possess a knowledge of the industries in question and have had relevant experience in researching and presenting material of this kind. Previous experience that demonstrates an understanding of the way agreements and negotiations work would be an advantage.

The salary and conditions for the appointment will be calculated on a pro-rata basis in accordance with the Union's agreement with National Officials of the ACTT. The contract period is envisaged as three months although consideration may be given to an extension to the period should this prove necessary.

Details of the terms and conditions of employment are available from the General Secretary, A.C.T.T., 2 Soho Square, London W1V 6DD, Tel: 01-437 8506. Final applications for the post should reach ACTT not later than 25 April 1986.

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EDINBURGH-BASED: attractive, intelligent, fun-loving, uncomplicated, professional woman, 27, seeks man with similar attributes, for caring relationship. Photo preferred & serious replies only please. Box (15)2741. N15.20

FRIENDLY MALE, late thirties, seeks girl friend for evenings out and weekends away. Own flat, car etc., warm, cuddly types preferred. Don't hesitate, write today. Box (15)2757. N15.22

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BARBICAN THEATRE 11-15 April, returns 23 April – **MEPHISTO** by Ariane Mnouchkine, in a new translation by Timberlake Wertenbaker, from the novel by Klaus Mann. "Probably the best play ever written about the theatre and politics" City Limits. **THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR** returns 16-22 April.

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TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911. N50.16

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AGENDA

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SAT 12 APR

FUTURE OF LABOUR LAW CONFERENCE. Organised by SERTUC, Haldane Society of Socialist Lawyers. **10am at TUC**. Workshops, speakers: John Prescott MP, Margaret Prosser, John Edmonds, Ken Gill. Individuals £2, unwaged free. Creche.

MON 14 APR

BENEATH THE WHITE COAT: seminars on science and politics organised by the **British Society for Social Responsibility in Science.** This week *Richard Ryder*, Author, 'Victims of Science', 'THE USE OF ANIMALS IN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH'. 6.30pm Adam's Arms, Conway Street, London W1 (tube: Warren Street).

MON 14 APR/SAT 19 APR

PARLIAMENTARY LOBBYING WORKSHOP organised by **Peace Through Parliament.** Practice expressing your concerns on nuclear issues. **14th**: Q.I.C., 1 Byng Place, W1, 7-10pm. **19th**: Actor's Institute, 137 Goswell Road, EC1, 2.30-5.30pm. Details: Richard MacPhail 01-221 4681.

TUES 15 APR

SOCIALIST SOCIETY DEBATE. 'The Left and Local Government — life after the GLC.' Speakers: Cllr Pat Olley, from Newham, Bob Colenutt, a prospective councillor for Lambeth. 8pm, The Old Coffee House, Beak Street, London W1.

WED 16 APR

VALUES IN BRITISH POLITICS. 'What They Are and What They Should Be.' A major lecture series Wednesdays at 1.05pm, St James's Church Piccadilly. This week: **Frances Morrell** (leader of ILEA). Further details: 01-734 4511.

THURS 17 APR

INTERNATIONAL PRISONERS DAY. Support human rights for Palestinians. Assembly outside St James's Church Piccadilly, 12-6pm. 12-2pm speakers, sponsored fast all day. Contact CAABU 01-373 8414.

"STAR WARS OR EARTH PEACE (YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH)" Speaker: Gary Lefley of London Region CND. 7.30 pm at Harmood Community Centre, Ferdinand Street, NW1. Organised by Camden CND.

FRI 18 APR - SUN 20 APR

A WORLD STILL TO WIN. A WEA Weekend School. Tutors: *Jeremy Seabrook* and *Trevor Blackwell*. Still some places left for residents and non-residents. Wedgewood Memorial College, Barleston, Stoke-on-Trent. Tel: 078139 2105.

MON 21 APR

THE POSITIVE EFFECTS OF BRITISH NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT. Speakers: Duncan Campbell (New Statesman), Brynley Heaven (Hackney Council) and John Chowcott (Trade Union CND). The Assembly Room, Hackney Town Hall, Mare Street. Org. Hackney CND.

FRI 23 MAY - SUN 25 MAY

"ULLAPOOL PEACE TALKS" – plays, writers, ceilidh, videos, speakers, displays, discussion: a *productive* set of Peace Talks in ULLAPOOL. Accommodation available. Details/leaflet (SAE) from Ceilidh Place, Ullapool, Ross-shire or tel 08542 2460 (Flicky).

FORTHCOMING

FRANCO-BRITISH SYMPOSIUM PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND CREATIVITY organised by the Cultural Department of the French Embassy 17 May 1986, 9am to 6.30pm. Venue: French Institute, 17 Queensberry Place, London SW7. Information from and cheques payable to: Mme LEWIS-LOUBIGNAC, c/o French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London SW1. Tel 01-235 8080, ext 431. Closing date: 28 April. Fee: £10.

***WEA SUMMER SCHOOL 9-15 August. THE* SPANISH CIVIL WAR.** Tutors include: Bill Alexander, Jimmy Jump and Dave Goodman. Wedgewood Memorial College, Barleston, Stoke on Trent. Tel: 078139 2105.

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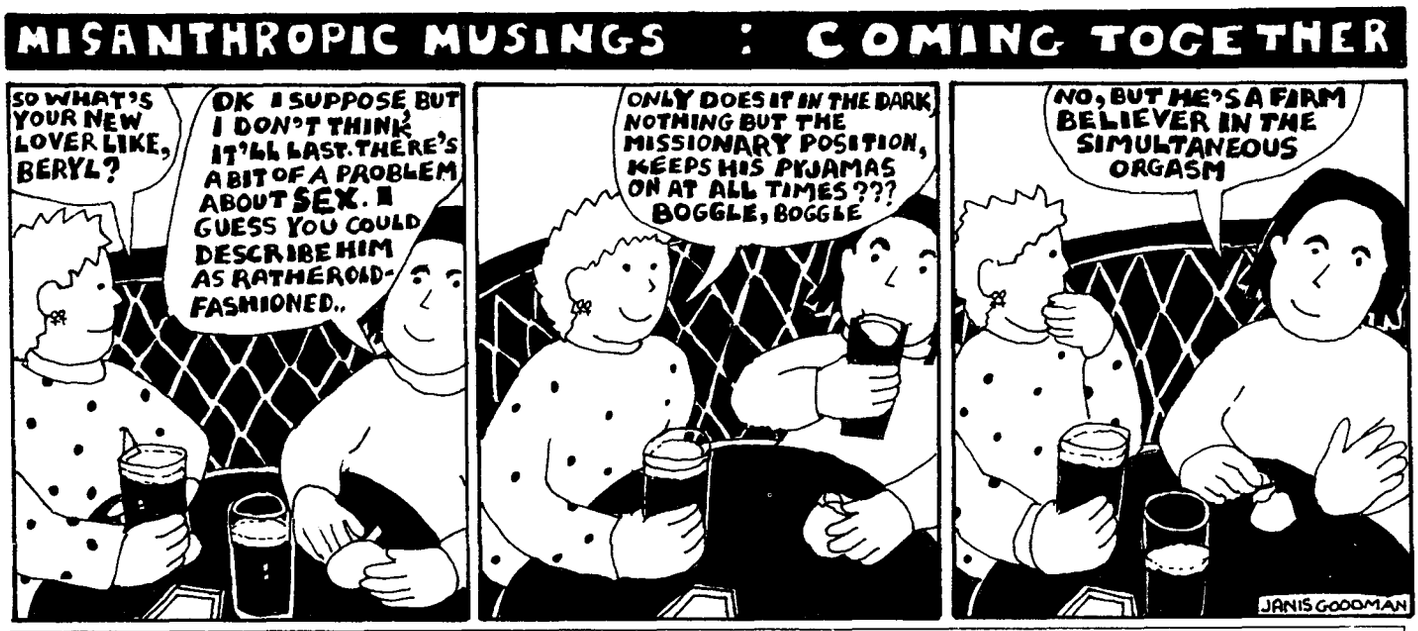
MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS : COMING TOGETHER
SO WHAT'S YOUR NEW LOVER LIKE, BERYL?
OK I SUPPOSE BUT I DON'T THINK IT'LL LAST. THERE'S A BIT OF A PROBLEM ABOUT SEX. I GUESS YOU COULD DESCRIBE HIM AS RATHER OLD-FASHIONED..
ONLY DOES IT IN THE DARK NOTHING BUT THE MISSIONARY POSITION, KEEPS HIS PYJAMAS ON AT ALL TIMES??? BOGGLE, BOGGLE
NO, BUT HE'S A FIRM BELIEVER IN THE SIMULTANEOUS ORGASM
JANIS GOODMAN

CHESS

GLC Chess Challenge 11-27 March

		ELO	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	1	2	3	4	
1	Flear	2485	*	½	½	½	½	0	½	½	1	1	½	1	1	1	8½
2	Chandler	2535	½	*	1	½	½	½	0	½	½	1	1	0	1	1	8
3	Short	2585	½	0	*	½	½	1	½	½	½	½	1	1	½	1	8
4	Nunn	2585	½	½	½	*	½	½	0	½	½	½	0	1	0	1	1	7½
5	Ribli	2585	½	½	½	½	*	½	½	½	½	½	½	½	1	½	1	7½
6	Polugaievsky	2575	1	½	0	½	½	*	½	½	½	½	½	1	0	1	½	7
7	Portisch	2610	½	1	½	1	½	½	*	½	½	½	½	0	1	½	0	7
8	Spassky	2610	½	½	½	½	½	½	½	*	½	½	½	½	1	½	½	7
9	Speelman	2560	0	½	½	½	½	½	½	½	*	0	½	1	½	½	1	6
10	Vaganian	2645	0	0	½	0	½	½	½	½	1	*	½	0	1	1	1	6
11	Larsen	2575	½	0	0	1	½	0	1	½	½	½	*	0	1	0	5½
12	Plaskett	2435	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	*	0	1	5
13	Dlugy	2545	0	0	½	0	½	0	½	½	½	0	0	1	*	½	4
14	Mestel	2525	0	0	0	0	0	½	1	½	½	0	1	0	½	*	4

TOURNAMENT director Stewart Reuben described Glenn Flear's victory in the GLC International as the greatest sporting upset ever. It was like nothing so much as one of those old Hollywood musicals in which a stage-struck understudy steals the show. Because of Dorfman's late withdrawal the 27-year-old from Leicester had only a couple of days to brace himself for a contest in which he was a complete outsider and likely candidate for a hammering at the hands of an elite corps of GMs. But this time the sacrificial victim immolated the high priests. A story like this needs a romantic sub-plot. No problem. He got married half way through the tournament to Christine Leroy, a French girl who is a strong player herself. Don't pinch yourself too hard, Glenn. Romping through to a record £5000 first prize (and a GM norm) ahead of all those famous names, you're a star all right.

Quite apart from Flear's personal success, the GLC International was a triumph for British chess. Flear, Chandler, Short and Nunn dominated the show. Murray Chandler played magnificently and was unlucky not to share first prize. He only needed a draw in the last round, but that was the one result that was not possible against wild man Plaskett, who achieved the remarkable distinction of 13 decisive games out of 13. This was one of Chandler's best wins:

Mestel-Chandler, Rd.9. Sicilian Defence.
1. e4 c5 2. Nf3 d6 3. d4 cxd4 4. Nxd4 Nf6 5. Nc3 a6 6. Be3 e5 7. Nf3 Qc7 8. a4 Be7 9. a5 0-0 10. Bb6?! To avoid 10. Be2 Nc6!? a novelty that Portisch had successfully introduced against Chandler in an earlier round. **Qc6 11. Nd5 Nxd5 12. exd5 Qe8 13. Be2 Nd7 14. Bc7** Evidently not fancying 14. Be3 f5. **f5 15. 0-0 Nf6 16. c4 f4 17. Re1 e4 18. Nd4 Qg6 19. Kh1 e3! 20. Bd3 Qg5** Black has a raging K-side attack and is after more than 20 . . . Ng4 21. Bxg6 Nxf2+ 22. Kg1 Nxd1, which also looks promising. **21. Nf3 Qh5 22. fxe3 Ng4 23. Qe2 fxe3 24. Rf1 Bf5 25. Bxf5 Rxf5 26. h3 Raf8 27. Kg1 Nf2!** ready to meet 28. Qxe3 with 28 . . . Rxf3 29. gxf3 Nxh3+ and soon mates. **28. Nd4 Qg5! 29. Nxf5 Rxf5 30. Rxf2 Rxf2 31. Qg4 Qxg4 32. hxg4 Rxb2** With a won ending. White can make a passed d-pawn, but it isn't enough. **33. Bb6 Bg5 34. c5 dxc5 35. d6 c4 36. Re1 Rd2 37. Bxe3 Bxe3 38. Rxe3 Rxd6 39. Kf2 Kf7 40. Ke2 0-1.** White has blundered into 40 . . . Re6, but it is resignable anyway.

Of the other English players Short confirmed the super-GM status he had acquired at Wijk aan Zee. His style has matured noticeably, perhaps generating less exciting games, but showing great positional control. At the beginning of the tournament Nunn seemed rather listless, but he warmed up and in later rounds the combinative power that makes him one of the world's most attractive players was detonating with increasing frequency.

Farewell, GLC, your efforts to re-establish London as a world chess capital will be gratefully remembered. If you want a monument of what was achieved, just look at that tournament table.

George Botterill

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
© 1986 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: Hugh Stephenson; **Deputy Editor:** Sarah Benton; **News Editor:** Andrew Lumsden; **Editorial staff:** Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political editor), John Rentoul, Claudia Wright (Washington); **Literary Editor:** Gillian Wilce; **Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Poetry Editor:** Hugo Williams; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, John Duncan, Karin Jensen; **Display advertisements:** Laura Berryman, Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £37; Europe (air mail only £41; rest of world: air speeded £41; air mail £52. USA: air speeded $62; air mail $83. Canada: air speeded Can $72; air mail Can $97.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

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Going past the picket line was something he was more than philosophical about — 'The other night I left about three in the morning and a gang of pickets lined-up on the other side of the pavement and it was like a Welsh choir — they sang Scab in unison and kept on singing it, all together, as I walked down the road. It was quite pleasant really.' — George Oliver, librarian at *News of the World — Library Association Record* (L. Rich)

Six signs warning motorists about toads crossing the road have been put up at Whisby and Thorpe-on-the-Hill, Lincs. Eleven nature lovers have volunteered to escort the toads across the road at night during the five-week spawning season. — *Daily Telegraph* (Alice Cobb)

Sir George Young, junior lad at DoE, recently paid an official visit to the Building Research Establishment. He could not get in immediately because the ceiling had collapsed. — *Guardian* (Mr W Pugh)

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